

That attack on the Yeomanry, if made, is to be considered as the "flashpoint" from which stemmed the inevitable explosion. Anything could happen after that; and in fact it did.

This is the "heart of the matter" because "the success or failure of the radical version of Peterloo pivoted on whether this fact of striking the first blow could be pinned on the Yeomanry or not". But this is not the case. If a meeting of some 60,000 people is surrounded by cavalry and foot-soldiers and penetrated by hostile special constables, if Yeomanry are then sent into its midst to arrest its most charismatic orator, and if a member of the crowd then throws a brick at a yeoman (which is not proven), are the crowd then guilty of being ridden and sabred off the field?

Even by the infinitely nice legalisms of Mr. Walmesley's own game, the military do not resort to instant and massive retaliation at the moment when one of their members is assaulted. What Mr. Walmesley has almost succeeded in making us do is to distract our attention from the actual attack on the crowd, and the nature of that attack. Give or take some emphasis this way or that, the events that preceded this attack are as follows.

A peaceable and fairly good-humoured crowd was assembled, and Hunt began to address it. Immediately the magistrates sent for the Yeomanry to assist the civil power to arrest the speakers in the midst of the assembly. The Yeomanry—local shopkeepers, dealers, dancing-masters and the rest (few of whom were probably drunk)—rode fast towards the hustings, fanning out in disorder among the crowd as they came into it. As they reached the thickest part of the crowd the more disciplined or more humane probably only brandished their swords to make the crowd give way, but others struck out, and not only with the flaps. The evidence of any brickbats, &c., being thrown at them until at least several minutes after they had reached and surrounded the hustings is excessively thin. Hunt—who until that moment had exerted himself for order and to prevent panic—was then arrested. Up to that moment the situation had still not passed beyond control, but simultaneously with that moment (Hunt disappeared as if he had been shot, said one witness) the cry went up from the Yeomanry—"Leave at their flags!"—and the Peterloo Massacre really began. Some feeble attempts were made by the crowd to defend the costly embroidered banners and caps of Liberty which the female reformers had worked over so carefully, and which the reformers had carried so many miles to the meeting. The Yeomanry struck out right and left and the special constables, not to be deprived of their share of trophies of the field, joined in. The magistrates, seeing the Yeomanry in "difficulties", ordered the Hussars to clear the field. On the edge of the field, some of the people, finding themselves still pursued, made a brief stand.

Mr. Walmesley, who has so much to say about unidentified Stockport militiamen, has almost no comment to offer on this—moment of unrestrained aggression which cannot by any special pleading be offered as self-defence. Nor is there much conflict of evidence about this, the real "flashpoint". Scarcely, who led the prosecution against Hunt, remained unconvinced about any attack upon the Yeomanry until this moment, and declared in a subsequent parliamentary debate: "Had they [the Yeomanry] stopped then no real damage would have been done, but they then began to attack." Tyas reported:

As soon as Hunt and Johnson had jumped from the wagon a cry was made by the cavalry, "Have at their flags". In consequence, they immediately dashed not only at the flags which were in the wagon, but those which were pinned among the crowd, cutting most indiscriminately to the right and to the left in order to get at them. This set the people running in all directions, and it was not until this act had been committed that any brickbats were hurled at the military. From that moment the Manchester Yeomanry Cavalry lost all command of temper.

Not even Captain Birley disputed the fact of this attack on the flags. His account (through the medium of Lord Stanley) declared that, when the magistrates' warrant had been executed,

considerable tumult prevailed, and a struggle ensued between the constables and those persons in the cart, who wished to save the caps of liberty, banners, &c. Some of those who resisted were taken into custody, and the soldiers cut with their sabres. In doing this, it was possible that some persons had been hurt, but not intentionally.

It would perhaps be legalistic to point out that the magistrates' warrant was for the arrest of Hunt and not of a Cap of Liberty. We are heretofore independent witnesses to describe the sensation of being "hurt, but not intentionally", since neither Tyas (who himself had been arrested, in error) nor the Rev. Edward Stanley was fleeing on the field. We must, therefore, supply the hiatus in Mr. Walmesley's account, by drawing upon the evidence of some of these biased victims to describe the temper of these moments:

William Harrison (cotton spinner): "We were all merry in hopes of better times."

Corner: Were you not desired to disperse?

Harrison: Only with the swords—nobody asked us to disperse—only trying to cut our heads off with their swords.

"The soldiers began cutting and slaying", went on Harrison, "and the constables began to seize the colours, and the time was struck up; they all knew of the combination."

Amidst such music, few paused to distinguish between flaps and sharps: "Coroner: Did they cut at you near the hustings?"

Harrison: No; as I was running away three soldiers came down upon me one after another: there was whiz this way and whiz that way, backwards and forwards, and I as they were going to strike, threw myself on my face, so that if they cut, it should be on my bottom.

The Coroner: You act as well as speak?

Harrison: Yes; I'm real Lancashire Hunt, Sir; I speak the truth; whenever any cried out "mercy", they said "Damn you, what brought you here?"

"Another witness related how a special constable jumped on the hustings, 'took up the President's chair, and beat it about those who remained'. Some of the crowd, hemmed in on all sides by Yeomanry, crawled under the carts which formed the platform for the hustings. According to one witness, John Lees (who later died) was one of these:

Jonah Andrew (cotton spinner): I saw several constables round him, and beating him with truncheons severely. One of them picked up a staff of a banner that had been cut with a sword, and said, 'Damn your bloody eyes, I'll break your back'."

This "self-defence" was pursued by Yeomanry and specials to the edges, and beyond the edges, of the field. Hunt, as he was taken to the magistrates' house, ran the gauntlet of special constables' batons. Even in the side-streets around the field the cavalry pursued the people, cutting at them and saying, "Damn you, I'll reform you;—You'll come again, will you?" Outside one house in Windmill Street, "special constables came up in great triumph, before my door, calling out, 'This is Waterloo for you! This is Waterloo!'"

Mr. Walmesley is of course wrong to suppose that the sober accounts of Peterloo by Bruton and Read represent, even if unwittingly, a perpetuation of the "radical" myth. A radical interpretation of the day, derived in part from witnesses such as those just quoted, would be far more savage than anything published since Bamford or Prentice. It would see it as a clear moment of class war. Nor were the warriors only on the side of the magistracy. If Mr. Walmesley had examined the Home Office papers he would have found evidence that both before the day (among those drilling on the moors) and afterwards (among those threatening vengeance) there were indeed most unapologetic "militants" among the reformers. Bamford was—at least after Peterloo—very probably among them, although he gives himself a more sober character in his reminiscences. If the report of a spy is to be credited, he was



A contemporary woodcut reproduction, like the one on the front page, from the *Jackdaw* folder No. 17 on Peterloo and Radical Reform, published by Cape at 11s. 6d.

still, three months later, venting his feelings in revolutionary rodomanile, and giving in a tavern the toast: "May the Tree of Liberty be planted in Hell, and may the bloody Butchers of Manchester be the Fruit of it!" As late as April, 1820, there was a fierce tavern brawl in Oldham between soldiers and townsmen, when one of the latter proposed the toast: "May the skin of every loyal man be taken off his back and made into parchment to beat the Reformers to arms!"

Undoubtedly among the huge crowd which assembled on that day there were some who felt obscurely that something large might come of it, and come suddenly to the raising of the poor and the throwing down of the rich. As one of the contingents marched in that morning they passed Roger Entwistle, an attorney and clerk to the race-course, and later a witness against Hunt: "Thou hast got a good coat to thy back", one of the marchers shouted, "but I shall have as good a one as thee before to-night is over."

All this was around, before and after Peterloo. But on the day itself the vast crowd was, definitively, under Hunt's control and subjected to his egotistical but emphatically constitutionalist strategy. He had spent the previous week in Manchester, seeing some of the leaders of contingents, and ensuring that his orders for peace and discipline were understood and would be obeyed. They were obeyed, and women and children came with the men upon the field. Hence Peterloo was not only a massacre, but a peculiarly cowardly one. Miss Marlow has discovered letters of Major Dineley, who commanded the two field-pieces which were held in readiness in the wings on the day: "The first action of the Battle of Manchester is over", he wrote, "and I am happy to say has ended in the complete discomfiture of the Enemy." He had been "very much assured to see the way in which the Volunteer Cavalry knocked the people about during the whole time we remained on the ground; the instant they saw ten or a dozen Mobbies together, they rode at them and leathened their property."

A radical interpretation, however, would re-examine with the greatest scrupulousness those parts of the received account which exonerate from blame in these events, not only the government, but also the magistracy; or which assume that the magistracy were guilty only of panic or ill-judgment, and that once they had sent the Yeomanry upon the field, all happened fortuitously. Both Prentice and J. E. Taylor offered powerful arguments against this at the time. The *Official Papers Relative to the State of the Country*, published by government in November, 1819, and offering a selection of the letters of magistrates to the Home Office, depositions, &c., should be regarded as being just as much a party statement—and should be examined as scrupulously—as any generally done. This, although the *Papers* were selected and published in order to prevent any parliamentary enquiry: the information (Lord Liverpool admitted privately) "may be laid safely, and much more advantageously, by Government directly, rather than through the medium of any committee." Many of the questions asked by John Edward Taylor

in his brilliant and scathing *Notes and Observations, Critical and Explanatory on the Papers Relative to the Internal State of the Country* (1820) have never found a satisfactory answer.

These questions are of the order most difficult to resolve—questions of intention: did the magistrates intend beforehand that an armed dispersal should take place? and of complicity—did Sidmouth assent to, or know of, any such intention? Mr. Walmesley himself quotes important passages from a private, justificatory account which the Rev. W. R. Hay drew up for Sidmouth on October 7, 1819, and which was hitherto unpublished. In this he described the actions of the select committee of magistrates which was in almost continuous session in the days leading up to August 16:

"The Committee continued to meet, and did so on Saturday, [August] the 14th, Sunday, and Monday. Prior to the Saturday, different points had been discussed as to the propriety of stopping the Meeting and the manner of doing so. They were of opinion that Multitudes coming in columns with Flags and Marching in military array were even in the approach to the Meeting a tumultuous assembly, and it was for a little time under consideration whether each Column should not be stopped at their respective entrances into the Town, but this was given up; it was considered that the Military might then be distracted and it was wished that the Town should see what the Meeting was, when assembled, and also that those who came should be satisfied they were assembled in an unlawful manner."

"Being satisfied", the account continues, "that in point of Law [the Meeting] it assembled as it was expected, would be an illegal Meeting, we gave notice to Lieut. Col. L.T. Strange . . . of our wish to have the assistance of the Military on the 16th."

This is a clear enough statement of the magistrates' intention, although it does not amount to proof. It is abundantly evident that magistrates and military had a contingency plan for dispersing the meeting; and, at the very least, it would appear that Sidmouth was informed of this plan, from a letter in the Home Office papers dated August 18, in which Sidmouth conveyed to General Sir John Byng his satisfaction in the judgment of Colonel L.T. Strange, the military commander on that day: "His Judgment has in Lord S.'s mind been evinced by his employing the Yeomanry in the Van agreeably to the Plan on which I know you intended to act." A contingency plan, it is true, does not amount to a fully proven intention, even when the first part of it—the assembling of the military forces—is put into effect. But there is altogether too much circumstantial evidence, as well as rumour, circulating on the Sunday and the Monday morning, to allow one to discount the possibility of such a fully-formed intention: the clearing of the field by the authorities, early on Monday morning, of all stones; the industrious preparation by the magistrates of depositions from prominent citizens that they were alarmed by the banners and military array of the crowd; the rumours such as those which reached the ears of J. E. Taylor:

"Early in the forenoon on August 16th persons supposed to be acquainted with the intentions of the magistrates distinctly asserted that Mr. Hunt would be arrested on the hustings, and the meeting dispersed. I myself was more than once told so, but could not conceive it possible."

The intention was expressed, the contingency plan was prepared, the military forces were assembled, the rumours and more-than-rumours were circulating; and yet we are still invited to believe that the dispersal of the crowd was fortuitous, and that the magistrates determined to send cavalry into the midst of it to arrest the speakers because one Richard Owen, a pawnbroker, swore an affidavit that Hunt had arrived and that "an immense mob is collected; and he considers the town in danger" (The affrighted Richard Owen, in his alternating role as a special constable, is supposed to have signally distinguished himself on the field by capturing the black flag of the Saddle-Club or Death—the more stuff of which so many official witnesses at

subsequent proceedings told, having thrown them into confusion and alarm.)

There is a simpler explanation. Mr. Walmesley's for Peterloo was a plan. It was put into operation. The magistrates knew, for hours, and perhaps days, before they arrived on the hustings, what they intended to do; the special constables were expecting the arrival of the Yeomanry; the Yeomanry did arrive, very much what was expected of them, although neither were they nor as decorously as the authorities might have wished; and the dispersal performed a part in which officers (like Major Dineley) were well versed.

This case has not been edited, but it seems, at the least, not necessarily exclude the author from any larger historical enquiry. The magistrates were faced with a new phenomenon of which they had no understanding. The crowd, attending a Whistman walk, were not miners' gala, its size, its display of high morale, were unknown to them. Neither in the magistracy nor in the crowd did there forward complacency to 1820; that it was more natural, in when two incompatible social groups confronted each other, to react in 1789.

Some such historical delicacy is offered. Mr. Walmesley, however, would not wish to offend. His partisanship is, in a series of worthy of the Peterloo tradition, in his book, which has turned on ground freshly, will certainly be the enduring literature of the event. He cannot allow a line of investigation, not even of defence, which also show that Hulton of 1819 (who denied that the magistracy any prior intention of dispersing the crowd) was a liar. But Mr. Walmesley, in his zeal, has provided evidence as well. William Hulton himself sort of stifling about him some of his fellow-magistrates an absence of humanitarianism and a contempt for general order. He offered no maudlin apology. Peterloo, indeed, he later wrote as the "proudest day" of his many years afterwards, he kept it in his study. A gentleman of his breed and station does not merely have so great a haunter, a distance between himself and seditious plebs, that it is a matter of indifference to him whether or that is true of them or not.

Twelve years after Peterloo, after fact upon fact had been dropped for as long, Hulton could throw a public letter containing a mass of mis-statements about the day: "Two people were killed by Peter's Field, one, a woman, having personated the Goddess Reason, was trampled to death by the crowd. . . . On the succeeding day, old pensioner was beaten to death with portions of his own bones, because he had expressed a loyal sentiment to the King". He was as firmly convinced, in 1831 as he had been in 1817, that the defence of "vast acies" of our liberties required the hunting of Jacobins and the sharpening of swords. The day of the Tories in South Lancashire in the Reform election of 1832 was only an adjustment of the "A few despondent individuals" Hulton of Hulton, later, met in Newton-le-Willows: "It occurred to them that it was their duty to call up every friend to the throne and the Church to counteract the machinations of the 'enemies of the throne'. As a result of that night, the foundations of the South Lancashire Conservative Association were laid. . . . and from that time, and from that time, the Tories have branched off all over the country. It is a remarkable fact, that British Conservatives have not only been made by the great, well-endowed, and well-meaning, but also had in the vicinal grass-roots."

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Modern montage

KONRAD BAYER: *der sechste sinn*. Edited by Gerhard Rühm. 110pp. Hamburg: Rowohlt. DM 6.80.

At the time of his suicide in 1964 Konrad Bayer was hardly known outside the circle of the *Flower Group*, and indeed the failure to secure recognition for his work was probably one of the factors underlying the depression that drove him to take his life. Since then his literary biographical novel, *der sechste sinn*, has been widely read, and his plays are now being performed on Central European stages with increasing frequency. It is further evidence of the enormous interest in Bayer's work that Rowohlt have now brought out a separate, revised edition of *der sechste sinn*. Gerhard Rühm has made a number of minor adjustments to the text, and gathered together sections of the manuscript as an appendix.

The context of *der sechste sinn* is closely related to the crises of Konrad Bayer's own life that it is easy to disentangle the one from the other. The book was written in the last months of that life, and contains several allusions to the suicide of Goldenberg, the central character. Finally Goldenberg does actually kill himself, with a warning—"nichten im Gesicht", as his shocked friend Dohy puts it. And who is the young woman whose photographs, positives and negatives, usher in the opening scene of the book? The central theme of *der sechste sinn* is Frank

Goldenberg's reaction to Nina's infidelities, and it seems natural to identify her with the photographs. But why this dramatic announcement of her physical presence?

In spite of its tragic atmosphere, the text of *der sechste sinn* is recurrently witty and clownish, revealing from beginning to end in the absurdities thrown up by the montage. There is Goldenberg's letter to "milton gendel, london W 1", for example, thrown by the postman into a bramble thicket, beginning "mein lieber?" and progressing through a series of convoluted, metaphysically flavoured questions to the signature "dein? goldenberg?". And the countless tiny self-contained episodes that lift the veil on Goldenberg and his intimi:

"In la la" sang Goldenberg, "bla bla bla" autworte braunschweiger, hierauf waren beide, braunschweiger und goldenberg, minutenlang glücklich.

der sechste sinn is probably one of the greatest achievements in modern prose montage. The constant but supporting repetitions of hackneyed literary turns of phrase achieve a double effect: a nostalgia for the more settled ways of the past gone by; and a mood of tense obsession. The construction of the book is no less clever than the montage of the individual sentences. Just enough naturalism is allowed in to create a constant suspense in the reader's mind about whether something decisive is actually going to happen in a consecutive, narrative fashion—or not. In the end this tension is broken by Goldenberg's suicide, a non-event that simply deprives the question of meaning. It only remains for Dohy to discreetly enjoin the reader on the inside back cover: "machen Sie das buch zu!"

Business-religious

JOHN KNOWLER: *Divinitas*. 336pp. Cape. 35s.

Mr. John Knowler's new novel is one of a type. Fastidiously and ingeniously researched, immensely resourceful in its inventions, careful and authentic about political and economic realities and social manners, it attempts to present a picture of our time through the medium of a characteristic institution; in this case the large organization formed to raise money for religious purposes by skillful (and moral) investment. The author's labour to create a convincing, corporation structure and corporate psychology has been immense, and more successful than many comparable creations—*Divinitas* seems brilliantly, unerring real. Yet there is the feeling that somewhere among all this credible and fascinating detail the point has been lost. The managerial revolution, the hollowing of all those careerist technocrats, the ruthless organization of good causes—what is being satirized, what is the purport of the allegory, if allegory it is? The questions remain unanswered and the doubts remain.

Divinitas exists to provide funds for all the world's churches, from the Vallican to Salt Lake City, by means of clever, diverse investment policies. Its non-religious Number One, Francis Goodman (an adopted name), can mix easily and deferentially with cardinals and rabbis and fill their coffers with money from oil, decision schemes, profitable inventions and processes of all kinds. He and his corporation are "not church-religious but business-religious. Non-

denominational". He employs, his sexy, frigid, cerebral assistant, Martha, to seduce into *Divinitas* a requisitely cool, ruthless young executive, Lex Fysh (a cold fish who dabbles in the study of astral beings—his name has religious hints about it). Lex is the latest candidate for Goodman's inheritance. His clinical thoroughness produces expanding funds for shrinking churches and his resort to expert advice is uncannily fruitful (Professor Galbraith actually turns up in the book at one point, helping out by steering *Divinitas* away from the conventional wisdom). But Lex has to cope with the numerous personal problems that corporation life places in his path, and in the end he is robbed of the succession in Goodman's will, which seems to intend to entrust power to the immortal corporation rather than any one man.

Mr. Knowler describes the rise and disappointment of Fysh by leading him through a gallery of corporation cynics, mixed-up call girls, and self-seekers—each of whom is given (in flashbacks which keep the story curiously staid) a fully documented past. His eye and ear for the neurotic matters and sterile talk of his characters is unerring; his insight into this waste of computerized resignation and despair is remarkably convincing—at these points *Divinitas* shows signs of becoming a very good novel. Yet somewhere along the way the sense of what it is all for has disappeared. Never less than absorbing, often alarming and touching and funny, *Divinitas* is finally yet another ingenious novel without a centre.

A liking for lists

KENNETH GANGEMI: *Oil*. 60pp. Calder and Boyars. 21s. (Paperback, 10s.).

Oil is the second in a series called "Signature" (sure enough, the wrapper bears a reproduction of Mr. Gangemi's) comprised, say the publishers, of "shorter works, distinguished by the highly personal and imaginative approach of the author to his subject". It seems a worthwhile project, especially at a time when much fiction leaves the impression of needless length; but for a novella of sixty pages, *Oil* seems to lack the cohesion and formal tightness which make brevity a virtue. It reads, in fact, like a fragment.

Robert Oil is a man with time to kill, and the book is a partial record of the killing. It is an aimless process. He makes lists of words he must look up; of things he has to do; he reads newspapers, and we, in turn, read the lists of things he reads about; chance mnemonics spark off memories, and his recollections are carefully listed. The lists are there to emphasize the isolation and detachment Oil feels, but the shortness of the piece and the length of the lists finally combine to take the edge off the more effective passages. Then come when the laconic style and Oil's casual air are set in opposition to the way his thoughts are running. A military parade evokes memories of accounts of atrocities, but Oil does not react to the memory more than he reacts to the memory of old men who dressed up on Christmas Day and "sat alone and ate the Special Turkey Dinner"; his thoughts seem tangential. This is a clue—there is a suspicion that something is wrong with Oil: stomach pains, a projected visit to the hospital, cunningly deferred; it explains the detachment. It may be that Mr. Gangemi's ambition to put this at a remove, to provide a sort of emotional oxymoron, proved his undoing.

doing; but it he has failed to find quite the balance he sought, it can at least be said that *Oil* is more interesting, as a failure, than the qualified successes to which we have become accustomed.

Tall tales

ROBERT NYE: *Tales I Told My Mother*. 173pp. Calder and Boyars. 30s.

Robert Nye is fascinated not only by stories but by what he sees as the story teller's licence to give imaginative body to what is essentially sparse, even skeletal material: memoirs, biographies, letters, argumentative footnotes, police or newspaper reports. Nye's technique in these pine tall stories has a good deal in common with the film director Ken Russell's, and so have some of his preoccupations; the Pre-Raphaelites, for instance. The network of allusions to the Pre-Raphaelite circle is supported by a fondness for the bizarre medieval image (anachronistically expressed, which is reminiscent of Russell's film about Rossetti). And as in that film there are moments in Nye's book when the games seem there to laugh rather than to amuse or enlighten, when they back away into some private framework of allusion, and this breaks, the spell.

In general, though, the freedom Nye allows himself is extended to his reader, or ideally his listener, so that the fantastic developments of his narratives are offered quite undogmatically, as a personal selection from an infinite number of alternatives. The Victorian melodrama, which has a Gainswegan nymphomane escapee convicted for the murder of her lover to marry a close friend of William Morris and model for Rossetti, is a tour de force of pastiche and ingenuity.

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Clough for our own season

A Choice of Clough's Verso. Selected with an introduction by Michael Thorpe. 185pp. Faber and Faber. 30s. (Paperback 10s.).
DAVID WILLIAMS: *Too Quick Despairer*. 185pp. Rupert Hart-Davis. £2 10s.

The Clough stock continues its steady rise of recent years with two fresh books: one a selection of his poetry and the other a new biography. The poetry selection is made by Mr. Michael Thorpe, who precedes it with an introductory essay which is a model of its kind, packing into a few pages the quite detailed information necessary for an understanding of the poetry and pointing this with touches of illuminating criticism. Given the limitations of space the verse is well chosen to show the range and depth and special touch of Clough's poetic thought and poetic method. In particular, this is true of the extracts from the three big poems, "The Boathouse", "Amours de Voyage" and "Dipsychus". Naturally, one regrets some omissions, but no drastic selection can do complete justice to Clough and it is to be hoped that this one will lure readers on to the complete Oxford edition of 1951. At any rate, Mr. Thorpe, both in his introduction and in his selections, has shown Clough as he ought to appear today as very much a poet for our own season.

This too is a main purpose of Mr. Williams' biography which is short, to the point and briskly written from a 1960s angle. Mr. Williams, a former headmaster himself, endorses the view that the exceptional promise of Clough's youth failed in early middle age

because the influence of Arnold of Rugby had sapped his emotional independence during his school days. From then on he yearned for a father-figure while at the same time fighting against such dependence. Mr. Williams comments shrewdly: "Emotionally, temperamentally, he always looked for a lead. Without himself being fully aware of it, he longed always for dedication." At Oxford, where the Tractarian controversy was raging when he went up to Balliol, this lead was offered by his tutor, W. G. Ward, who, with all the force of his headlong nature, had just switched to Tractarianism in violent disagreement with Arnold. Clough strove to withstand Ward, but the effort exhausted him, and Mr. Williams regards the ten years that he spent at Oxford before resigning his Oriel fellowship on religious grounds (in accordance with the college statutes, to remain Clough would have had to proceed to Holy Orders—a point Mr. Williams does not make clear) as a process of adaptation:

It took him ten years to achieve even some sort of provisional understanding of the sort of person he really was. His break with Oxford can be best thought of as a kind of flourish of trumpets to announce that he was Clough and not Arnold's prize pupil any more, that biddleness and intolerance and intelligence and creativeness and conscientiousness and just were all part of him, and that before he could begin to work out any formula or way of life which would allow all these warring parts of him to co-exist harmoniously he must turn his back on a career chosen for him by others.

A few months after leaving Oxford, Clough wrote "The Boathouse of Tober-na-Vuolich", forceful, light-hearted, brimming with witty social

satire and lit by a few splendid flashes of description. It looked as if the adaptation had been made. But no. Clough became Principal of University Hall, London, but resigned after two years—to the relief of the Governors who found him difficult, indolent, and unwilling to exercise authority in matters which they regarded as important. He had hated the stuffy mental atmosphere in which he was involved, but could open no windows except in his writing, which he dared not publish. He was by now engaged to Blanche Smith, a niece of Florence Nightingale, and he had to have money to be able to marry. At Emerson's optimistic invitation, he went off to try his fortune in the United States. After seven ineffective months in Boston, his friends at home took action and procured him the offer of a post in the Education Office, which his fiancée finally accepted on his behalf since he refused to decide for the other side of the Atlantic himself. He was becoming less, not more, capable of dominating his own life.

Marriage, tragically enough, tamed him intellectually, ironing away the rich original roughnesses of his thought, but did not give him the emotional defence he needed and after a few years he slipped under the ruthless yoke of Florence Nightingale who used him, as she said herself, like a racehorse harnessed to a coal-truck. He fell in the traces and never properly recovered. He was only forty-one when he died in 1861. The wheel had come full circle. The substitution he gave to Arnold had been re-enacted. But briefly and broadly, this is Mr. Williams' interpretation of Clough: basically not a new interpretation, but shifts of emphasis from one biographer to another can reveal fresh facets of character.

Clough's rich creative period was the three years between leaving Oxford and his engagement to Blanche. Mr. Williams shows how the power and trenchancy and originality of his two greatest poems written during these years, "Amours de Voyage" and "Dipsychus", derive from his pro-

jection of his own predicament, its extension outside himself into the characters and action of the poems. It is a loss that he has not included "The Mystery of the Fall" in his discussion. This fragmentary poem has a complex depth of thought and emotion expressed more often than is usual with Clough in concrete terms with occasional memorable imagery. Again, the fundamental theme is active commitment to life. It is a loss, too, that he only makes a passing reference to "Easter Day, 1849", which taken as an achieved whole is probably Clough's finest poem.

Mr. Williams gives the impression that he does not realize the vital significance for religious thought and practice of the controversies of Clough's Oxford. He tells the story of how W. G. Ward, in the process of turning over from Arnoldism to Tractarianism, went to Rugby to argue the matter out with Arnold; afterwards, Arnold retired exhausted to bed. Mr. Williams suggests that Arnold's exhaustion resulted from distress at the "prolonged contemplation of a man of Ward's brilliant but wasted intellectual energy on courses which, if not lost, were at best scarcely important enough to be worth winning". This is a travesty of Arnold's standpoint. He regarded Tractarianism as a serious influence both intellectual and practical and would almost have given his life's blood to combat it.

Again, referring to the uproar over Melbourne's appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Oxford Regius Chair of Divinity, he calls Hampden an "inconspicuous, divine" whose appointment enraged the Tractarians who did not dare come into the open but sniped at Hampden from behind bushes. This is quite misleading. Hampden was not inconspicuous. He had delivered the Hampden lectures, the theology of which had come in for serious criticism on grounds of confusion. And he had advocated the abolition of subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles as a condition of matriculation, a proposal which Convocation had defeated by 5 to 1. With the exception of advanced Liberals, Melbourne's appointment

engaged the entire university. Hampden, of his vote in the election of Select Preachers, to which Clough's revolt from University Hall a Unitarianism, one must realise the scope of religious upheaval.

Another problem may be posed by the appearance of the second volume of Paolo Spriano's *Storia del Partito comunista italiano*. Volume II: *90 anni dalla clandestinità*. 431pp. Turin: Einaudi. L.4.500.

Historians of the international communist movement have for some time looked forward with considerable interest to the appearance of the second volume of Paolo Spriano's *Storia del Partito comunista italiano*, the first volume of which was reviewed in the TLS on September 19, 1967. If not an "official" history in the formal sense—a genre of which the C.P.I. is justifiably suspicious—Spriano's work has been undertaken with the full cooperation of the party's authorities, with full access to its archives (though not to those of the Comintern International in Moscow) and one must presume, with a full sense of the responsibilities imposed on a communist historian working under such conditions. The volume raised the highest hopes, but it was clear to all readers that the second, which deals with the "years of illegality" from 1926 to 1935, would be the real test of the party's historian. He and it have passed it with flying colours, and in doing so transformed the historiography of communist parties.

In May, 1934, shortly before the formalisation of international communist policy, the Italian party had, according to the Comintern, 2,400 members, less than the British C.P. in its lowest point in this period. The bulk of its leading cadres was in jail, the apparently inevitable destination of many of brave and devoted militants sent into Italy for the previous seven years. Its activities in the country were minimal. The Fascist regime was sufficiently self-confident to have included several hundreds of lesser communist prisoners in the amnesty with which Mussolini celebrated the tenth anniversary of his accession to power.

The catastrophic situation was no doubt to some extent the result of factors beyond the communists' control, but it was also the result of the failure of both the party itself and the international. It is the great merit of Dr. Spriano's history that it makes no attempt to conceal either, even though both gave a far from favourable impression of several of his party's leaders, including those still

interesting were used, though not extensively quoted, in Prof. Spriano's book. Exceptions are not made for strong pseudonyms, and the *Morning Chronicle* on the murder of Courvoisier is public hanging both Dr. Spriano and Thackeray subsequently acknowledged. The real distinction of the edition, besides its comprehensive nature, lies in the scholarship of the editing. The notes are a gold mine of obscure allusions, a whole world in which to move, a vast meadow of unexplored, undreamed of by all other writers in "Dickensland". "Boyland", a bibliography of books and plays and poems, and the preface, indicate the value in interpreting the text of the surviving fragments and proofs, and includes a selection of the reactions of famous writers to the book. Little Nell, Jeffrey, the judge, the Maudslays, the actor, the death. Did London, and Smith, Carlyle and Fitzgerald, others often named were not answer is. Almost certainly Mrs. House and Mr. Spriano received material, and received from innumerable private sources, those to whom they gave their gratitude are Sir Humphrey, who, with the late Humphrey, murdered the index, and that J. C. Thornton, who, in the first two volumes, was the first of the collapse, while the second volume

Manuisky, while criticizing the C.P.I. on some other matter, made a menacing allusion to its "oscillation" in 1926). No doubt Togliatti's attitude was not who calculated. Like the bulk of the Russian party, he probably opposed Trotsky (though later his sympathies appear to have inclined to Bukharin). He continued to fight, at some political risk, for the frank discussion of divergent policies within the movement, without the risk of "disciplinary measures" for the minority—as in his speech to the Comintern Congress of 1928.

The logic of his original choice defeated him. As the German proverb has it: "Who says A must also say B." Inevitably, and from 1929 with growing rapidly, the margin of the party's autonomy disappeared. When Stalin personally attacked Tassca, the rightwinger who, in spite of persistent divergences, had remained a valued member of the C.P.I.'s top leadership, the process was complete. Two years later half the party's Political Bureau of 1928 had been subjected to expulsion. The most Togliatti could achieve was not actually to allow himself to be absorbed into the Comintern apparatus, which he did not join until called to Moscow by Dimitroff late in 1934 to prepare the very different Seventh Congress of the International.

Yet it does illuminate them. In the first place it established the party's presence, and its standing as overwhelmingly the most permanent, in many respects the only permanent, opposition; an impression strengthened by the Fascists' own attitude towards communism. In the second place it determined some of the post-fascist distribution of the C.P.I.'s influence. Its initial centres of strength in 1926 lay in the North and among the workers; central Italy lagged quickly, the South, except for small patches of Apulia, virtually disappeared from sight. The basic loyalty of the labour movement to the left was not in serious question, though organized activity, especially in the big industrial plants, went to pieces by the early 1930s. On the other hand, by the end of 1930 the virtual abdication of the Socialist Party and the difficulties of police control and intimidation in non-industrial zones had shifted the party's centre of strength markedly to Emilia and Tuscany: there were more than twice as many organized communists in these two regions as in the entire North. In brief, while the failure of the party in the North did not damage its long-term prospects there, its shift to the Centre foreshadowed a permanent acquisition of influence.

In the third place, the party succeeded in attracting and retaining an astonishingly able body of recruits, workers, and intellectuals, who were to emerge from jail, exile or the underground to provide the direction and cadre of the resistance and the post-war movement. Finally, Togliatti's own policy of buying independence in Italian affairs by unwavering loyalty to Moscow paid off in the long run, however unpromising its prospects seemed in 1934 (not that there was then a viable alternative). It maintained a united party under a leader of the highest calibre, neither chosen nor imposed by Moscow. Under the shell of Stalinism the least Stalinist of western communist parties and leaders survived, ready to go their own way when the time came.

Such are some of the questions which can now be discussed on the basis of systematic documentation. The proof that the history of a Communist Party can be written in this way immediately consigns the great bulk of earlier literature in this field to the antechamber of scholarship. This is not to say that Dr. Spriano has said the last word on the subject. The documentary basis of his account becomes notably thinner from 1930, when the private archives of Tassca cease to be of major interest, and when the C.P.I.'s own records appear to be less revealing. Nevertheless, he and his party have put at least serious students of communism deeply into their debt. One may perhaps also add a word of gratitude to the Italian government, which has made its police records fully available. The historians of the British Communist Party, or for that matter the British labour movement, are not achieved by policemen. Repression was largely successful. The history of the communist underground is that of its successive attempts, and failures, to reestablish links with the masses, who—and this

was the kernel of truth within the shell of sectarian illusion and hope—remained largely anti-fascist. The success of repression meant that the history of the masses and the cadres diverged. The virtual absence of any illegal activity by the Socialist Party for several years did not prevent that party from emerging as a mass movement after the fall of Fascism. Conversely, the intense activity of Giustizia e Libertà, the movement of liberal intellectuals second only to the C.P.I. as an illegal opposition—though a long way behind it—did not make it any kind of serious political force in the post-fascist era. The history of the activities of a few thousand organized communists, in jail, in exile or underground, only obliquely illuminates the future prospects of their party.

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The gloom of the years chronicled by Dr. Spriano is relieved only by the bravery, devotion and enthusiasm of the militants, and by the reader's knowledge of what was to happen in the years after 1935. How far does the record of the "years of illegality" allow us to foresee the astounding reversal of the C.P.I.'s fortunes, and in so far as it does not, why not?

The second question is easier to answer than the first. The main object and effect of Fascist repression was not to convert the masses but to remove their leadership and to frighten them into passivity or apathy. Changes of political opinion are not achieved by policemen. Repression was largely successful. The history of the communist underground is that of its successive attempts, and failures, to reestablish links with the masses, who—and this

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Incompatibilities

THOMAS K. SWING: *Kant's Transcendental Logic*. 388pp. Yale University Press. £4.10s.

In an often-quoted, elegant passage on Plato's theory of ideas, Kant remarks that one may understand an author better than he understands himself. Had he foreseen the long line of commentators who, from Fichte onwards, have regarded him as a prime example of a philosopher with a surprisingly imperfect understanding of his own convictions and methods, he might well have added that a philosopher's misunderstandings of himself are the exception rather than the rule. In one of the most recent interpretations of the *Critique of Pure Reason* Professor Swing argues that Kant, without ever becoming fully aware of it, tried to implement two incompatible programmes by two correspondingly incompatible methods. The first approach, which Professor Swing calls "axiomatic", is in his view no more than a sterile inheritance from Leibniz. The second approach, which he calls "postulational", represents Kant's important innovation, even though it has certain affinities with the thought of Abelard, Thomas Aquinas and C. S. Lewis.

The axiomatic and the postulational programme yield, according to Professor Swing, two very different systems of material logic and represent a material and a formal view of reason respectively. Moreover, in order to grasp the philosophical importance of the *Transcendental Logic*, one must separate the pure Kantian gold of the postulational programme, the correct material logic and the formal view of reason, from pre-Kantian and un-Kantian dross. It is this regrettable that Professor Swing does not succeed in denouncing the two allegedly incompatible approaches more precisely. The reason for this failure does not lie in deficient scholarship or insufficient attention to the text, which he has quite obviously studied with great care and devotion. It lies rather in a certain flabbiness of the philosophical presuppositions and equipment which he employs in examining Kant's philosophical

system. A typical example is Professor Swing's ineffectual distinction between logical and descriptive signs, a distinction which is crucial to his explanation of the notoriously obscure concept of a material (non-formal) logic. He holds that relations are represented by descriptive signs, which has the curious consequence that the relation of logical deducibility is not a logical relation.

Professor Swing's opposition of the axiomatic and the postulational approach finds its clearest expression in his comments on Kant's doctrine of synthetic *a priori* judgments. According to the axiomatic approach they are, he holds, conceived as possessing an inner necessity which is independent of experience; whereas according to the postulational approach they are conceived as conditions for the possibility of experience. Yet Kant has argued quite explicitly and firmly that the non-logical necessity of, say, the principle of causality can be explained only by conceiving it as a condition of the possibility of experience. He regarded this account as one of his most distinctive and important contributions and would, to judge by his comments on similarly drastic reinterpretations, have angrily rejected any suggestion that in propounding this doctrine he was the victim of a hidden confusion.

Professor Swing's thesis about Kant's alleged use of two incompatible methods seems hardly more plausible. This impression is confirmed when, after being told that the genuinely Kantian method is more "dialectical" than "analytical", one examines Professor Swing's account of the dialectical method. He describes it partly by statements which are so general that they fit any non-dogmatic philosophy, and partly by statements of almost arduous obscurity. An example of the latter is his assertion that "only autonomous subjects can establish dialogues between themselves and with their objects".

Yet, whatever one may think of Professor Swing's success in establishing his main exegetical theses, one cannot but admire his singleness of purpose and his philosophical seriousness—as well as his historical erudition, which finds expression in some illuminating asides.

Concrete utopianism

ERNST BLOCH: *Atheismus im Christentum*. 362pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. DM 16.

The thesis of this book is printed in large letters on the cover: "Only an atheist can be a good Christian, only a Christian can be a good atheist." The more interesting aspect of *Atheismus im Christentum* is the elaboration of the second part of this thesis: Ernst Bloch finds atheism (as well as rationalism and Marxism) too often trivial, shallow and complacent; therefore he wants to connect it with a full knowledge of man and his potentialities. For this, and also in order to preclude nihilism, which he denounces as destructive despair—he seeks support in the Bible.

Yet it is definitely atheism, materialism and Marxism which he wants to support; God, for him, does not exist, nor does anything transcendental. However, the first part of his thesis, which gives the appearance of being concerned with Christians, thereby becomes rather dubious, because his Christians, deprived of God and Christ, merely believe that Jesus was a revolutionary—the most important among the many whose stories are shown to abound in the Bible.

Bloch's thorough knowledge of the Old and New Testaments and their background enables him to give a large number of initially fascinating interpretations, particularly of the books of Exodus and Job, of Jesus and some letters of St. Paul. These interpretations are supported by the author's enormous erudition; there is hardly any mythological or sectarian belief to which he does not refer. He is also fully acquainted with the later development of Jewish thought and, of course, with most philosophers from Plato to Heidegger (although he rejects existentialism). But the fascination gradually wears off and the book tends to become monotonous because the interpretations are very one-sided, all based on the same idea.

The book embarks upon the "social criticism" of the Bible which Bloch wishes to promote. The Bible's true message, according to him, is purely human, its aim a social revolution; belief in God is treated, in the early stages of the book, as either a remnant of older

religions or an illusion; afterwards, the passages which do not fit into the scheme are explained as later interpolations, made by those who wanted to uphold the position of the rich and the mighty and to keep the poor and oppressed meek and content. This, though it is hardly new and is here repeated too often, is brilliantly done; and perhaps one cannot be reminded too often of the rebellious mood in the Old Testament and of the concern for the poor in the New Testament. Moreover, Bloch tries to add to this another dimension; he not only quotes with approval Marx's dictum that religion is the opium of the people, but also introduces, as Marx had done, an idea of Feuerbach: that man has impoverished his life by squandering all the good things he could think of on an imaginary being, a god who is merely his own invention; he should bring back these good things to earth, so as to make his own life richer, fuller and more beautiful. This is certainly an enrichment of materialism, though not necessarily an antidote to shallowness.

The real counterweight to triviality, however, which Bloch wants to provide, is based on another motif of the book, on "ein Transzendieren ohne Transzendenz" that is, he wants a constant transcending of our present situation and capabilities, not directed towards a transcendental reality, but towards the future, towards what he paradoxically calls the "concrete utopia" of a paradise on earth. Hope for an ideal and truly fantastic perfection of man as a constant spur is the main principle of this philosophy whose major work is *Das Prinzip Hoffnung*. The Old Testament seems to support it by the promise of the coming of a Messiah, and even the resurrection of Christ, seen, of course, as a mere fairy-tale finds its place; it keeps man "open" and his hope alive.

Evil is similarly accommodated; everything working in another direction must be shown as pernicious, as an obstacle of a wicked design, so as to provoke destruction; and death is accepted because the imperfect must perish, so as to make room for further development towards the better. Thanks to Judaism and Christianity we are, according to Bloch, committed to an experiment whose sole purpose is the creation of a utopian future; but to be able to advance in this direction, we must

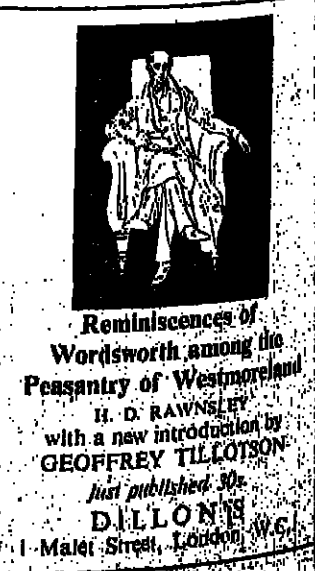
also abandon all belief in a world and believe in man alone.

Yet here the weightiest objection to Bloch's argument arises, for what he believes in, the existence of anything which transcends man, does not in fact entirely do so. Belief in the future, even if it is a heavenly original, precedes the first biblical revelation, Adam, as well as all the other biblical figures, and is meant as future; but even here there must be some such suggestion, both in numbers and in the fact that this is never quite clear. The names of Lord Byron, Sir Edward Cope, and George Canning are at work in this philosophy, despite its emphasis on history. Even the idea of a cosmos, at first thought of as misleading, is later re-introduced. Utopia will also transform the verse into the home of man, and should be kept in mind, in order to free man from the narrowness of ideologies.

Yet Bloch's hatred of transcendence robs these indications of appeal; the unknown utopia cannot possibly be described, and the indications of the transcendence which could give a meaning to present must not be elaborated. Bloch tries to cover up this gap by including numerous myths, phobias and sectarian creeds, but his erudition takes its revenge, and discourses at too great length, many abstract speculations, and many thoughts which are hardly worth the trouble of being said. This only to be dismissed the book for a rather difficult birth. The could have been much more easily made into the non-existence of a transcendental had no help because the Napoleonic assumed as self-evident, but arguments for and against a utopianism and fully considered; this kind of atheism, as the only to understanding, could have emerged as a challenge, instead of being dependent on a utopian hope which contradicts all our experience and knowledge.

Strangely enough, it is not forced into contact with "that style which, apart from his personal style, is the style of the left. The German in protest against the 'mechanical Marxism', but he remained faithful to his own idea of right to be."

making him one of the most popular philosophers in Germany. In fact his style mirrors the dogmatism of his thesis. In some parts it is almost every sentence is a polemic aphorism, which again is attractive first but tiring in the long run. More so as the aphoristic form often misfires and as there are also far too many long and turgid passages. Rightly or wrongly, the style gives the impression of a dogmatic incoherence, once on having found the solution; it is frequently arrogant and pretentious and seems to suggest that the author alone knows the answer to all our problems. One answer is the only valid one, and that any other conviction deserves nothing but ridicule.



Reminiscences of Wordsworth among the Peasantry of Westmoreland. H. D. RAWNSLEY with a new introduction by GEOFFREY TILLOTSON. Just published by DILLON, 1, Maitland Street, London, W.C.1.

Sane dogs—

WOODHOUSE: *The Philhellenes*. Hodder and Stoughton. £2.2s.

Philhellenes have given their names to streets in many Greek cities. One in Nicosia, by a felicitous coincidence, contains the residence of the British High Commissioner, removed from Shaftesbury Street which lies entirely within the Turkish enclave. The Philhellenes is a just one for, as Mr. Woodhouse recognizes, though there are among their company many Germans, Swiss and

and were inspired by his example. One or two years after Byron's death a young American was crossing the Gulf of Salamis in a boat with a rough mountain captain and his men. A book he was reading had a picture of Byron in it; the captain begged to take the book, and looking for a moment with melancholy at the face of the noble lord, he kissed it and passed it to his men who did the same, saying "He was great and good."

"More than a century later", Mr. Woodhouse continues, in the days when Greeks adopted mythological names to hide their identity during the resistance to Nazi occupation, a young Greek calling himself "Vryonias". When asked why he chose that name he replied in the same words.

Byron is Mr. Woodhouse's hero, but he faithfully records the names of others who followed his example. Sir Richard Church, who became commander-in-chief of the Greek Army, is the most sympathetic and was the most effective. The eccentric Coghane commanded the Greek navy; he achieved nothing to equal his South American exploits, though he put more than £50,000 of Greek money in his pocket. Captain Hastings with his steam brig *Karteria* perhaps made the greatest contribution to the war at the tactical level. There were many more humble soldiers and sailors who receive their due praise. Then there is the London Committee, which agitated and raised money. Here Mr. Woodhouse, perhaps with the natural prejudice of the man of action, perhaps with memories of similar committees of our own time, allows himself a rather more sardonic vein. Its members were brought together by a miscellaneous collection of motives, united only in their desire to protest against something; they saw nothing incongruous in agitating in favour of Greek freedom and of Queen Caroline—just as a later London Committee was ready to demonstrate both against nuclear weapons and against Queen Frederick.

The merit of the book lies in its characters; for a narrative of the war of liberation the reader must turn to the admirable account in Mr. Woodhouse's own *Story of Modern Greece*. He is most at home with Byron whose Philhellenism was not to meditate, to admire battered statues or to study unneeded texts; it was to suffer and to act. He ends his book on the same note, with an Epilogue on the philhellenes of the 1940s whom it was his honour and duty to command, and on the Greeks of the resistance who felt the same Byronic inspiration. "He taught us all that 'it were better to die doing something than nothing'. Happy were those who did not have to die in learning it."

The explanation lies in the writing and in the example of Byron. The influence was supreme and extended to inspire Mr. Woodhouse also with some of his justest and noblest sentiments. Byron knew from his visit in 1809. He was rough, and paid more attention to the people than to what he called "antiquarian twaddle". He wanted to learn what his countrymen regarded as their degenerate and without being blind to the fact that they were produced by three and a half centuries of Turkish rule. He did not want them in their distress; they had with their devotion

and Englishmen

GEORGE WOODCOCK: *The British in the Far East*. 258pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.10s.

In the middle of the thirteenth century, so one medieval traveller records, there was resident in Mongolia, a certain Englishman: his name was Basil. Whether he was the first of his species to wander so far afield it would be hard to say. Certainly, a fourteenth-century manuscript reports that the mythical King Prester John, at that time still regarded as an Asiatic monarch, had within his army a force of English mercenaries. By the seventeenth century, at all events, the presence of the English and their Welsh, Scots and Irish brethren had been reported at many a remote port in the Far East and in both Island and Mainland Southeast Asia. Their travels and adventures had even earned a place in contemporary English fiction. One tends to forget—and this is a point also overlooked by George Woodcock in his *The British in the Far East*—that Robinson Crusoe, his island adventures over, set up as a country trader in eastern seas, visited Malaya and, perhaps, Singapore island and, finally, travelled back to Europe from the East overland through China and Russia.

With the expansion of British trade and British imperial power from the late eighteenth century onwards the British made an ever greater social impact in the Far East. Penang, Singapore, Hongkong, Shanghai and the other Chinese Treaty Ports, Kuching, Jesselton, Bangkok and Yokohama all were affected to a greater or lesser degree. By the middle of the nineteenth century that most characteristic of British institutions, the club, began to make its appearance. At the same time, as communications between Europe and Asia became both more comfortable and cheaper, while Asian standards of health improved, the Far East began to see in increasing numbers the true white man's burden, the *memsahib*, the white woman.

With the arrival of European women on the scene a major social transformation took place. Whether this was the product of the *mems*, or whether the *mems* started to come out because the social situation was becoming more suitable for them, is a question which is not yet capable of final answer. What is certain, however, is that the age of the *mems* coincided with the development of a process which was to isolate society the British in Asia from their oriental colleagues and subjects. The British businessmen of Shanghai and Hongkong, the senior British administrators of Singapore and Kuala Lumpur, had to deal with Asians in the course of their day's work; but when it came to play and private life they tended to segregate themselves.

This process, of course, was not uniform in its effects. The European life of Hongkong and Singapore around, say, 1900, was rather different from the life of the European community in Bangkok, a city where there undoubtedly flourished a great deal of cross-cultural fertilization. But the club and the *mems* certainly have become the accepted symbols of the age when the expatriate British played such a dominant role in the social, administrative and economic life of the Far East, an age which seemed to come to an abrupt end in 1941 with the white man's defeat at Japanese-Asian hands.

That the British and, for that matter, the other major European and American communities in the Far East tended to isolate themselves socially should cause no surprise. Indigenous Asian communities tended to do precisely the same.

Will Adams, who lived in Japan for the first two decades of the seventeenth century, integrated himself with the Japanese in a way that would have been very difficult in 1900, largely because in 1600 the British community in Japan was too small to function as a real community; indeed, at that moment in time Will Adams was the only Englishman in Japan. It seems more than probable that a major factor in the process of social isolation which was such a feature of European communities in Asia in the nineteenth century was the mere fact of their growing size. The British in Malaya were, in fact, really no more exclusive than the Indians, the Baghdadis, the Chinese, what made their exclusiveness particularly noticeable was that it was combined with economic and political power. The Europeans could buttress their desire for exclusiveness with all kinds of legal and political barriers which were not so easily available to other groups.

This point becomes particularly clear when one looks at the scene today. There are still large British communities in many of the cities of the Far East, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Penang, Hongkong and so on; and, it must be admitted, they do not really mix very much more with the local people than they did in 1900. There is, of course, a great deal of social contact between Europeans and westernized Asians (and the latter group were rare in the extreme until quite recently); but the clubs still go on in a predominantly European way.

One of the achievements of the Templer regime in Malaya on the eve of independence was to force the British in Asia from their oriental colleagues and subjects. The British businessmen of Shanghai and Hongkong, the senior British administrators of Singapore and Kuala Lumpur, had to deal with Asians in the course of their day's work; but when it came to play and private life they tended to segregate themselves.

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East. There is still a British Club in Bangkok. Someone familiar with Hongkong society in the 1930s would not be startled by the progress in Hongkong society today.

The greatest social change in recent times in those areas where the British used to dominate is that the British are all too often no longer the top group. The old Tangle Club in Singapore, for example, though still a place where one would find more Europeans than Asians, is now rather overshadowed by the American Club; and one of the smartest and most exclusive of social institutions in Singapore is, in fact, the Swiss Club. It should also be noted, as the other side of the coin, that Europeans are not particularly welcome at the several clubs which the Chinese community has built for its own relaxation.

Mr. Woodcock, while perhaps a trifle weak in his analysis of underlying social factors, has produced a fascinating pot-pourri of British life in the Orient, covering a period from the first arrival of the East India Company in the early seventeenth century to the traumatic years of the Second World War. It is a pity that he has allowed a number of small errors to creep into both his text and to the captions to the intriguing set of illustrations which he provides. The Sir George Bowring mentioned on page 142, for example, would seem to be a composite of Sir John Bowring and Sir George Bonham. Is there really a Victoria Hotel in Singapore in front of which stands a statue of Sir Stamford Raffles? Surely Mr. Woodcock was aware that the "Caroli Cathedral" buried at a Dutch port, having died at sea in 1788, during a voyage of exploration to the Far East, was none other than Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Cathcart who died while en route on an embassy from King George III to the Chinese Emperor? Finally, to quote but one more instance, the Saracenic structure described as "the Administrative buildings at Penang" is really the headquarters of the Malayan Railway Administration and is to be found at Kuala Lumpur.

Professor Eugène Vinaver, formerly Professor of French at the University of Manchester, has now achieved a second *Festschrift*: *Modern Miscellany* (Manchester University Press, New York: Barnes and Noble, 314pp. £3). The twenty-three essays by pupils, colleagues and friends reflect Professor Vinaver's interests in post-medieval literature. The contributors include L. J. Austin, G. F. A. Cladoff, C. A. Hackett, the late P. Mansell Jones, R. C. Knight, Mario Praz and T. B. L. Webster.

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THE TIMES

68th Year 11 DECEMBER 1969 No. 3,537

Commentary

"Police seize 'Mendicant Professor'" says the headline on the front page of the *Singapore Undergrad* of November 25. Fortunately D. J. Enright, who earned that unflattering title from the Singapore Minister of Labour on the occasion of his inaugural lecture there nine years ago, has not himself been impounded, but it does appear that his ironically named *Memoirs of a Mendicant Professor* have, to judge from the experience of one of the Singapore bookshops, this firm was told that a consignment of the book, addressed to them, had been confiscated at the docks. Other bookshops, who were then promptly canvassed by one of the *Undergrad's* student correspondents, refused to say categorically whether or not this work had been banned; merely that "none of them were willing to accept orders" for it.

Eventually, after getting a blank-faced disclaimer from the police, the correspondent was told by the Ministry of Culture, one of the principal aggrieved parties in Professor Enright's earlier brush with the government, that his book was being studied by a parliamentary committee. It would be surprising if this slightly mysterious book were to find anything in the *Memoirs* which was not already openly in evidence in the author's previous writings, which have often enough been critical of the ruling People's Action Party and Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, though not, we would have thought, with constructive intentions, or humour, or a warm and infectious liking for the country.

The agreement between Mr. Enright and the authorities on that earlier occasion, so he learned slightly to his own surprise, was that he would not comment locally on local affairs. Admittedly his book has been adversely criticized in the *Straits Times* and by Alex Josey on the official Singapore Radio (Mr. Josey having written a 650-page biography of Mr. Lee and worked as his Press Relations officer), but it would be surprising if its appearance in London nearly a year ago were thought to infringe the agreement. Seen from this end, certainly, Singapore's distinguished Professor of English is an advertisement for that small country, not least because he shows that practical criticism, as well as the purely Eng. Lit. variety, is possible there, to a degree unusual in the Far East. To the ignorant Londoner it says something for the place if Mr. Enright feels he is of use to it, as he quite plainly does.

What could bring hundreds of people from all over the country to Oxford for a bitterly cold weekend, to be fully occupied for twelve hours a day for two days? No, not a pop festival or a political conference, but the fourth History Workshop held at Ruskin College on November 29 and 30. The attendance was 600—more than twice as many as last year. The Buxton Hall was packed, and the proceedings had to be relayed to adjoining rooms, while overflow

meetings were held elsewhere for the papers to be re-read and re-discussed with fresh audiences.

The main theme was nineteenth-century working-class history—suitably enough, in view of Ruskin's background. Obvious highlights were papers by Professor Gwyn Williams on "Merthyr Tydfil and the Riots of 1831" and Dr. Eric Hobsbawm on "The New Working Class World, 1880-1914", but the most interesting sessions were those on the Saturday afternoon, devoted to "Proletarian Oxfordshire". This was a remarkable experience. Ruskin staff and students giving the results of their collective research into original sources (including taped interviews with local residents) to appreciative and often well-informed listeners.

Some of this material is to be published shortly as the first "History Workshop Pamphlet" and it is hoped to publish further pamphlets early next year, including more material from Oxfordshire, as well as important new work on the origins of the London anarchist movement and a fascinating study of the role of students in the Paris Commune. It is perhaps significant that such an occasion should be arranged by an extra-mural college, and that the publication of its material should also be outside the established system. One encouraging exception to this was that St. John Thomas, the new Bloomsbury bookshop specializing in economic and social history, took the trouble to bring some of its stock to Ruskin, where it enjoyed a brisk sale alongside the student magazines and the publications of the left-wing groupings.

Anyone who is interested in genuine original work in history, rather than mere dogmatism for examinations or theses, should certainly look out for the next History Workshop, and in the meantime there seems to be a good opportunity for an enterprising publisher to break out of the magic circles of professional academics and popularizers for some new authors.

The Royal Opera have at long last put on Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*. Apart from three performances by the Paris Opera Company in 1949 *Pelléas* has, incredibly, not been heard at Covent Garden since 1937. To mark the event we asked Edward Lockspeiser (p. 1429) to appraise the work and influence of Debussy's collaborator Maurice Maeterlinck.

The years have not been entirely fair to Maeterlinck, but the influence of his Symbolist anti-naturalist theatre around the turn of the century was far-reaching (it touched Yeats) and may well be sensed today in the plays of, for example, Beckett. The poetic suggestiveness which was often mere decoration on the lid of aggressive impulse won him the Nobel Prize and earned him the kind of hyperbolic appropriations which invariably tell against a long life for the works which they aim to promote. Thus Octave Mirbeau, in 1890 in *Le Figaro*, of Maeterlinck's first play *La Princesse Maleine*: "The greatest work of genius of our time... com-

parable, and shall I dare say it? superior in beauty to whatever is most beautiful in Shakespeare". Twenty-three years later the enthusiasm was unabated, although the frame of reference is now Teutonic: "What Goethe was to the life of Europe in the opening decades of the nineteenth century, Maeterlinck is today" (Jethro Billhell; *Maurice Maeterlinck*, 1913).

As Mr. Lockspeiser points out, the brutally latent in Maeterlinck's work was patent in the man, Maeterlinck, he tells us, though outwardly shy was none the less a boxer of sufficient professional standing to challenge the redoubtable prize-fighter Georges Carpentier in the ring (history apparently does not relate who won). When Maeterlinck's mistress Georgette Leblanc was passed over for the role of Melisande in the opera, Maeterlinck took this as provocation enough the was by no means unaware that Mlle. Leblanc's natural talent fell some way short of her own assessment of it to challenge Debussy to a duel. The duel never took place, although it had an innocent victim in Maeterlinck's pet cat whom he shot dead while engaged in pistol practice for the occasion.

These particular outbursts were due to unconscious recognition that the musical aspirations of his Symbolist aesthetic led their force and made *d'être* (as Mallarmé had warned) when realized in the musical art of Debussy. Maeterlinck's world now lives in Debussy's music and that is perhaps remembrance enough. Nevertheless, some of Maeterlinck's better plays should surely be given an occasional airing on the stage: *La Princesse Maleine* (1889) (to which Debussy was, for reason, for Cook's voyage was, anxiety of the Royal Society, sure that the transit of Venus was carefully observed in Southern Hemisphere. The Secularism of philosophical enquiry, Council's minutes on the subject and the Astronomer Royal, Sir Richard Woodley, writes on the astronomical significance of the phenomenon. Other articles of interest deal with Cook as a navigator, his discoveries in the present of seafaring, and the botanical expedition. There is an account of James Short's reflecting telescope. He did quite well financially on them and a note on a further trait of Short that has been identified. For many readers, however, the most abiding impression left by the pages will be the record of Sir Isaac Newton's speech at the dinner which celebrated his ninety-first birthday. His own mind that in the nature of his work he came to the world, otherwise, possibly the sooner it is forgotten the better.

It was in 1938 that the Council of the Royal Society decided to issue *Notes and Records* to provide a medium of publication for articles dealing with the history of the Society and its Fellows, which would have been out of place in the *Philosophical Transactions* or the *Proceedings*. The way had been prepared in the

previous year by the *Journal of the Royal Society*, which was the first editor, and it was intended to issue two parts each year, but with the advent of war only appeared in 1940 and after the end of September, 1941, publication was suspended. Sir Gavin de Beer in 1946, in six years as editor he greatly increased the size and raised the prestige of the journal.

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Outlines sound like bread-and-butter publishing. But some we can be proud of. There is, for example, An Outline of Modern Occultism, by Cyril Scott, 30s, or Édouard Zeller's Outlines of the History of Greek Philosophy, 40s, which has been going strong, a much revised, and much reprinted classic, since 1885. An outline best-seller of 1969 has been Ruth Beurd's An Outline of Piaget's Developmental Psychology, 18s paper 9s. And then there is a whole series of Outlines for the Intending Student with separate volumes on Law, The Social Sciences, Philosophy, Psychology, Political Science, all in cloth and paper, with more titles on the way, including Geography, Medicine and History.

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A style to confront the void

THE EXISTENTIALIST ESSAYS OF E. M. CIORAN

furthest reaches of the self, in somnolent transfiguration, may be heard a noise, a sound, a *tonalité*, which by its very insistence might either paralyse us forever or preserve our life anew.

M. Cioran develops his meditations on death in ways that recall Rilke: for those who can hear the answering, affirmative tone from deep within themselves, death becomes no mere impersonal problem, but a reality all their own, their *destin*. Whereas those "who cannot benefit from their possibilities of non-existence are strangers to themselves: puppets, objects furnished with a self, numbed by a neutral time that is neither duration nor eternity."

M. Cioran does not, however, relate his own spiritual exercises here to those of his older contemporaries, but to those of the desert fathers, and adds: "In order to hear this *tonalité* we must institute a desert within ourselves." What he shares with the early mystics can scarcely be their faith in God; it is rather their "true, purer sentiment of death". Pure, that is, than the "crude sentiment of death" with which religions generally are "tainted". What M. Cioran admires in the desert fathers appears to be the superior aesthetic quality of their response. He himself, those mystics who, in their religious zeal, regarded death as only an obstacle to be surmounted, a barrier which separated them from God.

If religions have made of it [death] only a pretext or a scarecrow, a weapon of propaganda it is the duty of the unbelievers to see that justice is done, to reestablish death and to restore all its rights.

When finally M. Cioran makes clear, in a dithyrambic lyrical passage, what these "rights" are, and indeed what the "tonalité" is to which he has been referring so frequently, the state he describes sounds like nothing so much as Nietzsche's account of Dionysian inspiration: it is a rapture about which art, especially late Romantic art, speaks to us more frequently than does the Christian religion.

If we succeed, certain harmonies flow through our blood, our veins dilate, our secrets and our resources appear on the surface of ourselves, where desire and disgust, horror and rapture mingle in obscure and luminous festivity.

M. Cioran's concern, then, is with creativity, and with its dreaded opposite, sterility. Death represents to him what it represented to Nietzsche: a "kind of generative regression, a return to our roots." We die, creatively speaking, when we cling too fast to the "definite": the "beneficial" factor is, therefore, "chaos"—a word which echoes Nietzsche again, which we must "succumb with all our spontaneity, for we shall waste our last reserves; those which sustain and stimulate our death within us, preventing it from growing old."

The characteristic existentialist paradox emerges, however, in M. Cioran's last paragraph. Even when

Cioran's last paragraph. Even when we have made of death "an affirmation of life", it soon begins to appear that we have merely "converted its abyss into a salutary fiction." Worse still, we have "exhausted" our arguments and are once again "ambushed by stagnation and depression." In other words, the moment of ecstatic, creative illumination is essentially brief: once achieved and expressed, it falls victim, like everything else, to the "merciless vision" of our sceptical intelligence. M. Cioran exploits this paradox in his essays, but he does not explain it. Indeed, at the level of already very complex self-inquiry at which he is writing, even the definition of a possible point from which further self-explanation could be achieved would itself be highly problematical. M. Cioran is already adept at the art of "thinking against oneself"—a Nietzschean phrase which is the title of one of his essays—and part of the cursed condition he describes is that all things become drawn into the same destructive play of the mind.

Some light is reflected back on to his position from outside, however, whenever M. Cioran deals with religious topics, as he does rather frequently. He is fascinated by the character of religions, and particularly of mystical experience, even though for him too there is nothing wrong with the cliché that God is dead, except perhaps that it is a cliché. With evident approval he quotes Flaubert's remark, "I am a mystic and I believe in nothing". The ecstasy which he seeks is, in fact, most often defined in religious language with the religious content always denied or inverted.

Once we have ceased linking our secret life to God, we can ascend to ecstasies as effective as those of the mystics and conquer this world without recourse to the Beyond... What matters are our sensations, their intensity and their virtues, as our capacity to fling ourselves into a madness that is not sacred.

The notion that man has, as it were, wasted on a nebulous heaven his own best spiritual energies is at least as old as Feuerbach. M. Cioran is defending an aesthetic version of this idea, exploring with such psychological acuity the essentially human basis of religious fervour, that the familiar larger questions get lost to view. Why, for instance, should God have been the necessary inspiration for the goal of western man's and imagined goal of western man's most remarkable spiritual development? (Have any comparable ecstasies been experienced *without* a sacred character? Even if it is assumed that the ecstasy is given *any* name, of it, can it be given *any* name?)

M. Cioran does not debate theological questions in their own terms, of course, but provides a kind of psychological "mock-up," which is constructed out of his understanding of his own intellectual habits as of his own, to expose the nature of religious belief. The central impulse appears to be a spirit of denial, of resistance to the evils of existence, indeed, of negation of the world altogether. "The strength of Christianity lies in the violence with which it hated its enemies; even in prayer, he detects an aggressive attitude—towards the unknown, towards 'God'." This is a variation of Nietzsche's notorious analysis of the compensatory function of religion amongst the underdogs in the universal struggle for power. As with Nietzsche, the question remains unsolved of how entirely negative feelings of *ressentiment* or worse could have inspired such a rich variety of positive human attitudes over the ages. More patently, such explanations seem to reflect the psychological situations of their authors. An aggressively negative attitude is the one kind of creative position open to a writer who has no belief or commitment except to his own "authenticity".

M. Cioran declares that he feels personal involvement with the world only through the medium of his ill:

Il n'est impossible de traiter de rien d'extérieur, d'objectif, d'impersonnel, à moins que ce ne soit de *maux*, c'est-à-dire de ce qui, chez autrui, me fait penser à moi.

What interests him is less the positive fact or possible outcome of such "sympathy", as it might be called in a more conventional religious account of the matter, but rather its negative source. The whole of the material world has this negative character for M. Cioran, and to explain it he resurrects the myth of the demiurge, the wicked worker god, who is responsible for the fallen earth in various Gnostic and Manichean sects of the early centuries A.D. It was, he asserts, an error on the part of the Church to condemn their views as heretical, and to have saddled God with all the evils of creation; theology then had the impossible task of explaining them away again.

Comme le mal préside à tout ce qui est corrompible, il faut dire à tout ce qui est vivant, c'est une tentative radicale que de vouloir démontrer qu'il rentre dans l'ordre du bien, ou même qu'il n'en contient aucunement. Ceux qui le font sont au moins singulièrement par la face poétique du bien. On ne le salue que si on a le courage de disputer sa cause de celle du démiurge.

It should not be imagined that M. Cioran's object is to save the God of tradition, even on his own arguments, to have cut God off from the world, which is the active principle—"un miracle effrayant"—would only have made him more bloodless and intellectual. Whatever power the Christian message has exerted over the minds of men has surely come from the unique degree of involvement which it posits between the divine and the here and now. M. Cioran's demigurge is not really a "god" at all so much as a psychological safety valve: it provides the imagination with a convenient symbol of exorcism. We place the blame for our weaknesses and miseries outside ourselves and feel better. In other words, this negative god is there to be denied.

By a kind of spiritual algebra this negating of the negative could perhaps lead to a positive sense of life. The Beyond... What matters are our sensations, their intensity and their virtues, as our capacity to fling ourselves into a madness that is not sacred.

At the end of the title essay, "Le mauvais démiurge", M. Cioran seems to hint at the possibility of some other vision of existence beyond the doubts and disgust aroused by the demiurge, a vision in which only the sense of wonder would remain and fear would be gone. We are reminded of many similar hopes entertained by thinkers as diverse as Nietzsche and Wittgenstein that beyond the falsifications of the mind we could achieve a simple awareness and even affirmation of the world.

M. Cioran is hinting at something similar again in the essay "Les nouveaux dieux", where he urges a "pagan dilettantism" in place of inward-looking monotheism; and in yet another place he declares:

If I were asked what man I most envied, I should answer without hesitation: the one who, taking his ease among words, lives there naively, by reflex, not questioning or identifying them with signs, as if they corresponded to reality itself or as if they were an absolute strown in the everyday.

But, of course, this condition is not what M. Cioran achieves, or even seriously believes in. He remains caught in an endless perpetuation of the negative principle itself, creating an endless play of ambiguities around the absolute he can neither achieve nor leave alone: a rival, as he says, of the demiurge.

Joseph Haydn

His life in contemporary pictures by Laszlo Somfai

A rich collection of pictures that illustrate every aspect of Haydn's life and work, and give an authentic visual survey of the places where he lived. The text accompanying the 400 illustrations is drawn from Haydn's letters and his first biographies. Laszlo Somfai also provides a commentary on the material.

Seneca's Oedipus

adapted by Ted Hughes

The full text, with a short introductory note, of the translation by Ted Hughes that was used in the remarkable National Theatre production by Peter Brook in 1968.

The Elder Edda: a selection

translated by Paul B. Taylor and W. H. Auden

A new translation from the Icelandic, with a long Introduction by Peter B. Taylor and Paul B. Taylor, as well as a series of notes and a glossary of names.

A Choice of Clough's Verse

edited by Michael Thorpe

An attractive selection of the best and most of Arthur Hugh Clough. In his Introduction Mr Thorpe discusses the Victorian context, and the qualities of a poet who was highly esteemed in his own generation.

Phocas the Gardener

by Paul Bourquin

"Paul Bourquin is the first historical novelist in many a long month to steer clear of all the pitfalls of the genre. *Phocas the Gardener* is a continuously interesting tale, packed with incident and painlessly presented erudition. Genuine Turkish delight."

—W. Price Turner, *Yorkshire Post*, 30/1

The Ionian Islands

by Arthur Foss

A traveller's guide to the islands of Zakynthos, Cephalonia, Ithaka, Lefkada, Corfu and Paxos. With 17 pages of plates, one in colour, and five maps.

London 2000

by Peter Hall

For the second edition of this challenging and influential book Dr. Hall has added postscript to each of his chapters, showing how the problems, the planning and the ideas have changed since 1969. The new text is nearly one-third as long as the original book. With 32 plates and numerous maps, plans and drawings.

FABER & FABER

Retooling

GEORGE WATSON (Editor) *The New Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature*. Volume 3: 1800-1900. 1,958pp. Cambridge University Press. £10.

O'Neill, or The Rebel; Lella, or The Siege of Granada; Richelieu, or The Conspiracy. Which is a novel, which a poem, which a play? Listed under separate crossheads in the *C.B.E.L.* of 1940 they presented no problem. Scattered in a single consolidated list of three-score books by Bulwer-Lytton in *The New C.B.E.L.*, they offer no clue to their diverse characters. Dispensing with crossheads is one of the many economies that users of this great work of reference, and of scholarship, will have to set against its improvements, also many.

C.B.E.L., as originally edited by F. W. Bateson in four volumes (the fourth an index), was a magnificent exercise in pioneering. It has been thumbed, worn out, rebound, replaced, on the shelves of all libraries of any standing throughout the English-speaking world. In the nature of things it went out of date, and a substantial supplement, edited by Mr. Watson, was published in 1957. Now that the whole work is being revised each volume will have its own index, a new fourth volume to cover the first half of the present century, and a general index will follow.

The decision to give priority to Volume Three, 1800-1900, stems from a recognition that, in the general growth of literary scholarship in the past thirty years, nineteenth-century studies have grown faster, and with greater shifts of perspective, than any others. On a rough count, *C.B.E.L.* in 1940 judged some 200 writings about Shelley and some 150 about Tennyson worthy of record; *The New C.B.E.L.*, with additions from before as well as after 1940, has well over 800 entries for each of them. (With lists of this magnitude we again miss, for many authors, the former crosshead breakdown into biographies, general studies, studies of individual works, &c. A welcome exception is Dickens.)

Such expansion in the sphere of "studies" could not be expected to find a parallel in the authors' own

writings, but in thirty years research has not stood still. Librarians, bibliographers, private collectors have identified (and recorded in periodicals far more numerous now than thirty years ago) previously unknown titles of many authors, major and minor, not to mention variants, proofs, phantasies and other items. To cite Tennyson again, no full bibliography has appeared since T. J. Wise's of 1908. The contribution in *C.B.E.L.* was one of its least happy sections, a somewhat perfunctory alphabetical list. *The New C.B.E.L.*'s chronological list incorporates in small compass all of importance that has been established since Wise; it also puts into proportion in a brief note the poet laureate's private editions, some printed for the Court, that are the despair of collectors, and that incited Wise himself to forger. A valuable new feature is the head-note to several authors, Tennyson among them, recording the whereabouts of significant manuscript collections.

Expansion, if the volume was to be contained within manageable bounds, has had to be balanced by contraction. Of larger format than *C.B.E.L.*, with wider and longer columns (and smaller margins), and with the benefit of typographical economies such as lighter punctuation and a minimal use of capital letters (as in *S.T.C.L. N.C.B.E.L.*), it accommodates a quarter as much material again in roughly the same number of pages. This figure would have been greatly exceeded but for the exclusion of both authors and subjects deemed worth inclusion thirty years ago.

One or two early novelists, and quite a few once popular historians (Lubbock, Arnold-Forster, Fortescue have fallen by the wayside. The heaviest individual casualties are in the ranks of the minor poets of 1870-1900: where *C.B.E.L.* honoured 123, *N.C.B.E.L.* recognizes only seventy. Gone are Malherbe Blind, highly esteemed in her day, and Roden Noel, who yielded precedence only to Tennyson and Browning (as he told Browning). Their reputations may have faded, but Mr. Watson may yet regret their banishment as their period becomes increasingly studied. Fluctuations of fame account for other re-assessments: George Darley, resuscitated by Robert Bridges and others between the wars, has been demoted to the status of a minor writer, while Walter Bagehot, thanks no doubt to Mr. St. John Stevas's recent advocacy, has been upgraded.

The pressure of what has been increasingly studied of late years may have contributed to the welcome inclusion, ostensibly "on grounds of residence", of the American Henry James. Excluded—though Darwin and some others have been salvaged in tribute to the quality of their prose—are whole sections formerly devoted to such "barely literary" subjects as science, economics, law, and classical and oriental scholarship. Fair enough. But saddest of all the exclusions, on the ground of non-residence in the mother country, are the writers of the commonwealth—Anglo-Indian, Canadian, South African, Australian. It is small comfort to be told that these literatures "are, or soon may be, better provided for in their own national bibliographies".

Mr. Watson's volume is not only notable for the thoroughness of its revision, to which fifty-five named scholars have contributed. The designers of the volume, whether one approves of their economies or not, are to be congratulated on a more handsome page than that of *C.B.E.L.*, made the easier to consult by the prominence given, in defiance of economy, to the names and dates at the head of each author-entry. Furthermore, the reader no longer need supply in pencil his own running headlines. He will find an index within the volume an invaluable boon.

Difficult depths

JOHANNES B. METZ: *Theology of the World*. Translated by William Glen-Dougal. 155pp. Burns and Oates. 30s.

Talk about secularization is familiar enough these days. We all know that "today's world has become secular, and it would appear that the process is by no means over yet" (the opening words of Dr. Metz's book). What is Christian faith to make of this situation? There was a time when secularization, and their cognates were pejorative terms in the theological vocabulary. Now some of them are used favourably: if "secularism" is bad, "secularization" is good, since the latter word can be taken to mean the recognition of human responsibility under God for the world, although the former usually means another altogether ruled out. We have had books on "the secular meaning of the gospel", on "the secular city", on "secular Christianity". Dr. Metz's *Theology of the World* is the contribution of a brilliant young German Roman Catholic theologian to the ongoing discussion.

It is a very difficult book, in its English translation; one can only hope that the original German was a little more readable, a little less wordy, and much more attractive in its presentation of ideas. In the English version it reminds one of the

comparison once made of Karl Rahner (the noted German theologian to whom this book is dedicated) to a diver who "plunged down deepest, stayed under longest, and came up muddiest". Nor is this comment merely captious: it is too bad that Metz's careful, deeply Christian, and highly suggestive work is made so difficult by the rigidity of its style in translation.

For it is an important book, a very important one indeed. This is because its author is attempting to give us what Dr. Masella recently has said is so much needed: not a secular theology but a theology of the secular. This is a theology of the world, an exciting placing of the created order in the context provided by the Incarnation of God in Jesus Christ which has constituted that world the divine milieu where God is secularly at work, under incognito; where God has accepted the world; and where men, above all Christians, must learn to accept things for what they are and not as what "spiritually-minded" people would like them to be. Like a good Catholic, the author does not care for the spirituality which dislikes or runs away from the world: that which strives to be more spiritual than the God who incarnated himself in the stuff of creation.

Dr. Metz has been influenced by a number of contemporary theologians. He shows traces of Teilhard de Chardin (in his talk of hominization), of Moltmann (in his emphasis on "the future"), and of Catholic

varieties of process theology (stressing on the becoming of the present). But the author of these together with much more found in Rahner, especially the analogy of creation and grace, and he writes out of a strong Catholic tradition. All this makes his helpful if difficult.

Furthermore, Metz is keenly aware of the problems facing modern man, not least the Christian believer. We are to say about the two wars and the threat of world annihilation, about the nuclear threat, about the unrest at home and abroad? So far as Christian concern is concerned, participation in the struggles of our time requires a theological basis: else they will reflect what is being said and done in sociology, political discourse, other disciplines. His argument, that a theology based on God's incarnating act in Christ, seen as the world's future, is the deepest being, yet always concrete, of God as also "future", is adequate to our situation. It is God as conceived: hope in the future as open; love as man's relation with his brethren: these are the sequences of such a theology.

A statement of Metz's theology in readable English would be a valuable contribution as any that could be made for us in this period of general confusion. Perhaps some day will do this, now that Metz is known in English-speaking

Agape and love in action

O. SYDNEY BARR: *The Christian New Morality*. 118pp. Oxford University Press. 34s.

Many people know of "situation" ethics, whose best-known spokesman has been Professor Joseph Fletcher. The main theme of that type of ethics is not that "nothing matters but love", but that "love" must always be applied or expressed in given situations—hence the name given to this approach. In most writing on the subject, including Dr. Fletcher's own two books as well as others from both Protestant and Roman Catholic writers, very little attention has been given to the possibility of grounding this ethics in the New Testament. Professor Barr's slight but penetrating study now attempts to supply this lack.

Professor Barr demonstrates that basic to all the New Testament teaching on moral issues is the concept of *agape*. But his examination of the synoptic gospels, the Pauline epistles,

and the Johannine literature makes it clear that in the New Testament "love in action" is always associated with responsibility; he is prepared to challenge any situation ethics which does not recognize and stress this point. On the other hand, he shows the central place of love in New Testament thinking and urges that the contribution of the new moralists is chiefly in their challenge to Christian teachers and preachers to take that love with utmost seriousness.

In concluding his study, Professor Barr maintains that it is precisely in the flexibility, the open-ness, and the readiness to deal with new situations, that the ethic of love in action has its appeal. He urges that the charge of "antinomianism" is mistaken: a sound situation ethics, in his view, does not give up all law or code, but rather puts these in a secondary place as useful yet not infallible guides to ways in which, in each instance, love may effectively be expressed.

This is an admirable book, beautifully written and carefully documented from New Testament material.

Keeping the way open

J. W. D. SMITH: *Religious Education in a Secular Setting*. 125pp. S.C.M. Press. 18s.

The strongest argument for the teaching of the Christian religion in the nation's schools would be that it is true. An argument, however, that only a minority will nowadays accept is not much use. The apologists for religious education have been driven to look elsewhere. They have to find common ground not so much with their opponents, who are few, as with the great mass of the largely uninterested.

The question that Dr. Smith appears to be raising, in his reasoned, well-studied and yet easily digestible book, is what life in a religionless world might be like. Of course, neither he nor anyone else can fully conceive something so far outside common experience. However weak religion may have become in recent years, its presence is still deeply there

in institutions, traditions, attitudes of mind, in the general cast of morality—as it is in many individual lives. To imagine this all shrugged off our backs is an exercise of which we all shaped in varying degrees by one religion or another, are quite incapable.

Man needs to give expression to his wonder, Dr. Smith argues. Bereft entirely of religion, he would have no suitable context in which to consider the mystery of life and death. Evidence from the psychiatrists is brought in to show patients suffering under the problem of what they are or might become. The book suggests that much of the malaise of our time arises from the sense that society has no longer an agreed answer to—while many are unequipped even to consider—natural human questions like: Who am I? Who made me? For what purpose? Where am I going? The teaching of religion in schools at least keeps the way open.

Another piece of common ground with people generally is their concern for warm human relationships, which are difficult, not easy. Psychologists to a man are agreed that "an environment of love is essential for healthy human development". Secularists, who would accept that "the life and death of Jesus have been the supreme example and inspiration of self-forgetfulness in our western tradition", could not really want teaching in their removed from the schools.

Dr. Smith makes a persuasive case, and he is quite unbiassed about children's views at the moment: "Few pupils have a strong urge to learn more about the Christian religion." Many of us have written it off as irrelevant, a realist and a practical man. Teachers concerned with religion in our secondary schools, the education politician too will find this extremely valuable.

Books received

KINSMAN, J. (Editor) *Church Affairs: Number Three*. London: Papers: Number 31. Oxford University Press.

This is dedicated to Professor M. Macmillan, now over a distinguished historian and a present student of the Church. It begins with a tribute to Margaret Hall, an article on public policy in Keynes's sociology, political discourse, other disciplines. His argument, that a theology based on God's incarnating act in Christ, seen as the world's future, is the deepest being, yet always concrete, of God as also "future", is adequate to our situation. It is God as conceived: hope in the future as open; love as man's relation with his brethren: these are the sequences of such a theology.

A statement of Metz's theology in readable English would be a valuable contribution as any that could be made for us in this period of general confusion. Perhaps some day will do this, now that Metz is known in English-speaking

Architecture

Widdowson, Tony. *The Truth about Cottages*. 118pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s.

It is not at all that architectural truth which is discussed in this study of the rural cottage. The oak-framed cottages that survive were of course the better off yeoman's houses, the hovels of the labourers were places unfit to live in, even down to this century. In the eyes of the city, they were merely picturesque monuments of the countryside, but *Punch* parodying Mrs. Hemans, touched the reality:

The cottages home of England; Mac! How from they dwell; Thence even on the vesper, And away in the dell.

Improvement began with the plans and drawings, for model cottages, some reproduced here, in books by Nathaniel Kent and John Wood in the later eighteenth century; but any general change to decent homes for the poorer countryfolk had to wait until recent times. Mr. Widdowson's descriptions of what cottage life was formerly like are followed by a section of drawing, by Bertha Stamp, illustrating the various types of cottage through four centuries.

THEODORE THOMSON. *Traces of London*. Pp. unnumbered. Grafton Books. 25s.

An album of Mr. Thomson's now London line drawings, with their slightly evocative of Caxton and Stow, a drawing of much greater interest, by David and Lucie Smith in English and Lucy Tavernier in French, applied briefly with the difficult job of writing about them, and adopt the two solutions common in such cases. Mr. Lucie Smith, in about 600 words, mentions himself six times, "I think", "I mean", "My theory", "And the artist twice". Lucy Tavernier, in about 800, brings in American Point, May Bence and the terms "existential", "dialectic" and "structure". Both seem a shade overweight for these agreeable and well-printed snippets.

History

LOWMEYER, MICHAEL. *Bound to a Life: The Pivots in India*. 98pp. Sidewick and Jackson. £10s.

This is an interesting scrapbook, the product of much research: its illustrated appendix, forty-seven pages of photographs and drawings bearing the subtitle "The World of Anglo-India", is as illuminating as the text on the life which the British exiles made for themselves during the last three-quarters of the nineteenth century. "This life was the product of the conditions in which they lived: they felt, even if they did not always realize the feeling, like a beleaguered garrison, and this coloured much of their outlook. Even so, the shock of the Mutiny was a real one; it intensified the 'we and they' attitude which the idealism of the early Victorians had begun to modify. Although everything that Mr. Lowmeyer writes is fully authenticated from contemporary sources, it would be perfectly possible, using other sources quite as contemporary, to draw an entirely different picture, which would bring out the courage, the devotion to duty, the genuine sense of mission, which inspired so many of the men, whose less admirable characteristics are unsparingly revealed by what they wrote and said about each other. Mr. Lowmeyer came to know India too late to meet Indians whose fathers and grandfathers cherished the traditions, still living to them, which the British Victorians had left behind them. No generation of men and women whose lives had in fact been lived, to the exclusion of almost all else, with the pettiness which emerges rather pathetically from this book could have left the memories which survived so long among the people they served as well as ruled.

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Humour

PERKINS, LAURENCE J. and HULL, RAYMOND. *The Peter Principle*. 179pp. Souvenir Press. 30s.

Probably it is best merely to take the modern age as food for fun, its humour, C. Northcote Parkinson said, and still does. Now two Canadian-American authors spin out a hilarious thesis. "In a hierarchy every employee tends to rise to his level of incompetence"—to inordinate length, helped by some line reproductions from *Punch* by Leech, Keene, E. T. Reed, du Maurier, &c., without their original captions (which appear in an appendix). But despite accolades from *Time*, *The New York Times* book-review section, and some other American eminences, the authors' laboured fun is not serious enough, and their seriousness is not funny enough.

Meteorology

BOWEN, DAVID. *Britain's Weather*. Its Workings, Lore and Forecasting. 310pp. David and Charles. £2 15s.

Mr. Bowen is a well-known amateur meteorologist and he has presumably written his book to encourage and inform other weather enthusiasts. If so it is difficult to see how it can succeed, for anyone interested in meteorology and climatology will find little to satisfy their enthusiasm or greatly increase their knowledge of the sciences. They are likely to be confused by out of date and inadequate explanations and by quite frequent errors. Even the caption to the photograph of the London Weather Centre is incorrect. Fifty-five shillings seems a lot to pay for what is little more than a rather poor climatological pot-pourri. Large sections of the chapters on "Weather Control and Climate" and "Weather and Man" have little or nothing to do with Britain's weather.

MUSIC

ALDRIDGE, ALAN (Editor). *The Beatles Illustrated Lyrics*. 150pp. Macdonald. 25s.

A picture-and-verse book primarily for fans, who get quotes from the various Beatles on nearly every page, set in bold type among the song texts and reading like nothing so much as *Private Eye*'s Spiggy Tapes ("I often sit at the piano, working at songs, with the help on low in the background"). Too many of the pictures are likewise fan-fodder, and too many of the verses, squeezed in somehow between them, read a bit flatly in cold print. None the less, there are a number of good pages, by the various illustrators who have collaborated under Mr. Aldridge's direction, particularly those by Folon, Heinz Edelmann, Philippe Mora and Seymour Chwast. Other well-known artists involved, besides Mr. Aldridge himself, include David Hockney (a disappointing two-page spread), Ungerer, Searle, Topor and Glashan. The introduction is also in the Spiggy vein ("And of course, there is a very long tradition of this. Artists have always illustrated passages from the Bible or from poems, and we have tried to do the same thing here": a pity, because the idea was basically a good one, and only needed slightly more judicious editorial handling).

Ornithology

BRADIN, BARTEL. *British and European Birds in Colour*. Paintings by Arthur Singer. 320pp. Paul Hamlyn. £3 10s.

To be a well-informed ornithologist today you have to be a European, suggests the consultant editor, Bruce Campbell, in his introduction, and this sumptuously illustrated book is designed with that need in mind. Fairly insular birdwatchers will sigh at the sight of all those gorgeously plumaged birds there seem to be across the Channel but which only cross it at irregular intervals. For British readers each caption is labelled with a letter to show if the bird depicted is a resident, summer visitor, migrant, &c., but one could have wished that the labelling had been done with bolder type. This is a handsome book to look at and easy to read. Arthur Singer's paintings, some 500 of them, succeed in imparting a firm image of each bird in the reader's mind.

Social Studies

KELLY, THOMAS. *Adult Education at the Crossroads*. 30pp. Liverpool University Press. 7s. 6d.

In this inaugural lecture Professor Kelly suggests that the concept of an extra-mural department for adult education should be abandoned and that instead there should be in each

major civic university an Institute of Extension Studies which should as far as possible bring together all the university's extra-mural work. Its purview would be courses of the general public, enlarging "the present small bridgehead" into the territory of working class education, "expanding in-service refresher courses and providing new courses for those adults who decide to train afresh or increase their qualifications."

Topography

WHITEHEAD, DAVID. *London Then, London Now*. 192pp. Dalton Watson. £3 3s.

Here are some 200 well-chosen photographs: half of them of London as she is today, half as she was in earlier years. A real attempt has been made to get an exact comparison between old and new by having the modern photographs taken from the same point as the old.

CROUCH, MARTIN. *Essex*. 255pp. Batsford. £1 10s.

Essex, least spoiled of the Home Counties, has been protected so far by the East End's imaginary barrier and Thames-side industry from Barking to Southend. One may still picnic near Epping Forest with London on the skyline. Mr. Crouch writes with sympathy and hardly any antiquarian prejudice on the county's gentle though varied scenery: on its brick and timber cottages, farms and villages, and Norman churches of which there are many; noting also its nineteenth-century buildings, water towers, power-stations and new university. Leaving architectural detail to Sir Nikolaus Pevsner's *Essex*, frequently quoted, he presents a more coherent impression of the county than a gazetteer by describing landscape and towns and villages along Essex rivers, from source to mouth. Essex has Dedham and Constable country, Thaxted, Castle Hedingham and Audley End, Harlow and Basildon New Towns; an embryo Elm Park in the Lea Valley. It also has Stansted and Foulness: what happens there will decide how much longer much of Essex is to remain unspoiled.

Wine

BRADFORD, SARAH. *The Englishman's Wine*. The Story of Port. 208pp. Macmillan. £2 15s.

Sarah Bradford has justified her entry into the masculine-dominated world of port by writing an entertaining book about the wine, and more particularly about the setting and the people who produce it in the Douro Valley and those who blend and sell it downstream in a suburb of Oporto. In its variations of style as well as of vintage, port is an interesting wine, but it is outdone by the history and the personalities of the British colony of shippers which has existed in Portugal for about 300 years. It is their annals, set against the often turbulent history of the country, with which Mrs. Bradford is largely concerned in the major part of her book. Drawing on sources not generally now accessible she presents an amusing, informative record of this socially and politically highly conservative and commercially aggressive group, which unlike their compatriots in Xeres did not assimilate with the natives, and to this day even exclude their own countrymen from the splendid Factory House—the meeting place of the British port shippers. In the second part of the book, dealing with the wine itself, there could have been more information, including an historical and statistical account of the consumption of port throughout the world, as well as more about the Portuguese shippers.

M. Jurgens's *Documents du Ministère central concernant l'histoire de la musique (1600-1650)*, reviewed in our issue of November 20, is distributed in this country at £3 by Parker and Son, Oxford.

Messrs. J. M. Dent ask us to say that *Carmen and The Flying Dutchman* are not the first titles in their Catalogue of children's books, as stated in our review in the Children's Books section last week. They are successors to *The Windmiller and Wind Lake* published last year, and further titles will follow at intervals.

Specialist Booksellers' Announcements

First facsimile reprint of "The Man in the Moon" by Bishop Godwin

A limited edition of 1,500 copies. 150 copies are numbered and bound in Red Morocco with elaborate tooling. (20gns) The unnumbered copies are bound in antique calf. (10gns)

Obtainable from: ALBION PRESS 2 Coleraine Road, Blackheath, S.E.3. Tel.: 01-858 0049.

A. R. HEATH Antiquarian Bookseller 15 Robinson Road, Farnham, Surrey. Tel.: 01223 351111. Tel.: 01223 351112. Tel.: 01223 351113. Tel.: 01223 351114. Tel.: 01223 351115. Tel.: 01223 351116. Tel.: 01223 351117. Tel.: 01223 351118. Tel.: 01223 351119. Tel.: 01223 351120. Tel.: 01223 351121. Tel.: 01223 351122. Tel.: 01223 351123. Tel.: 01223 351124. Tel.: 01223 351125. Tel.: 01223 351126. Tel.: 01223 351127. Tel.: 01223 351128. Tel.: 01223 351129. Tel.: 01223 351130. Tel.: 01223 351131. Tel.: 01223 351132. Tel.: 01223 351133. Tel.: 01223 351134. Tel.: 01223 351135. Tel.: 01223 351136. Tel.: 01223 351137. Tel.: 01223 351138. Tel.: 01223 351139. Tel.: 01223 351140. Tel.: 01223 351141. Tel.: 01223 351142. Tel.: 01223 351143. Tel.: 01223 351144. Tel.: 01223 351145. Tel.: 01223 351146. Tel.: 01223 351147. Tel.: 01223 351148. Tel.: 01223 351149. Tel.: 01223 351150. Tel.: 01223 351151. Tel.: 01223 351152. Tel.: 01223 351153. Tel.: 01223 351154. Tel.: 01223 351155. Tel.: 01223 351156. Tel.: 01223 351157. Tel.: 01223 351158. Tel.: 01223 351159. Tel.: 01223 351160. Tel.: 01223 351161. Tel.: 01223 351162. Tel.: 01223 351163. Tel.: 01223 351164. Tel.: 01223 351165. Tel.: 01223 351166. Tel.: 01223 351167. Tel.: 01223 351168. Tel.: 01223 351169. Tel.: 01223 351170. Tel.: 01223 351171. Tel.: 01223 351172. Tel.: 01223 351173. Tel.: 01223 351174. Tel.: 01223 351175. Tel.: 01223 351176. Tel.: 01223 351177. Tel.: 01223 351178. Tel.: 01223 351179. Tel.: 01223 351180. Tel.: 01223 351181. Tel.: 01223 351182. Tel.: 01223 351183. Tel.: 01223 351184. Tel.: 01223 351185. Tel.: 01223 351186. Tel.: 01223 351187. Tel.: 01223 351188. Tel.: 01223 351189. Tel.: 01223 351190. Tel.: 01223 351191. Tel.: 01223 351192. Tel.: 01223 351193. Tel.: 01223 351194. Tel.: 01223 351195. Tel.: 01223 351196. Tel.: 01223 351197. Tel.: 01223 351198. Tel.: 01223 351199. Tel.: 01223 351200. Tel.: 01223 351201. Tel.: 01223 351202. Tel.: 01223 351203. Tel.: 01223 351204. Tel.: 01223 351205. Tel.: 01223 351206. Tel.: 01223 351207. Tel.: 01223 351208. Tel.: 01223 351209. Tel.: 01223 351210. Tel.: 01223 351211. Tel.: 01223 351212. Tel.: 01223 351213. Tel.: 01223 351214. Tel.: 01223 351215. Tel.: 01223 351216. Tel.: 01223 351217. Tel.: 01223 351218. Tel.: 01223 351219. Tel.: 01223 351220. Tel.: 01223 351221. Tel.: 01223 351222. Tel.: 01223 351223. Tel.: 01223 351224. Tel.: 01223 351225. Tel.: 01223 351226. Tel.: 01223 351227. Tel.: 01223 351228. Tel.: 01223 351229. Tel.: 01223 351230. Tel.: 01223 351231. Tel.: 01223 351232. Tel.: 01223 351233. Tel.: 01223 351234. Tel.: 01223 351235. Tel.: 01223 351236. Tel.: 01223 351237. Tel.: 01223 351238. Tel.: 01223 351239. Tel.: 01223 351240. Tel.: 01223 351241. Tel.: 01223 351242. Tel.: 01223 351243. Tel.:

VACANT APPOINTMENTS

CITY OF OXFORD

DEPUTY CITY
LIBRARIAN

(£1,945-£2,420)

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with substantial experience of library administration. Removal expenses up to £100. Housing accommodation, if required.

Further particulars and application form (returnable by 31st January, 1990) from the City Librarian, Central Library, St. Aldate's, Oxford, OX1 1DA.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HAVERING PUBLIC LIBRARIES
Appropriately qualified candidates are required for the following posts:

(a) Assistant Reference Librarian
AP IV £1,630-£1,865

(b) Senior Assistants
AP III/IV £1,400-£1,865.

Application forms and further particulars from Borough Librarian, Central Library, Romford, RM1 3AR. Closing date, 20th December, 1989.

Librarians

MIDDERBURY URBAN
DISTRICT COUNCIL

PUBLIC LIBRARIAN

A full-time position with a salary of £1,400-£1,865. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

BOURNEMOUTH COLLEGE OF
TECHNOLOGY

LIBRARIAN

Full-time position with a salary of £1,400-£1,865. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

CHIEF LIBRARIAN

Full-time position with a salary of £1,400-£1,865. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

DEVON COUNTY COUNCIL

LIBRARIAN

Full-time position with a salary of £1,400-£1,865. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

HARRIS PUBLIC LIBRARY

LIBRARIAN

Full-time position with a salary of £1,400-£1,865. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

LEICESTERSHIRE

LIBRARIAN

Full-time position with a salary of £1,400-£1,865. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

MIDDERBURY URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL

LIBRARIAN

Full-time position with a salary of £1,400-£1,865. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

KENT EDUCATION COMMITTEE

LIBRARIAN

Full-time position with a salary of £1,400-£1,865. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HAVERING

LIBRARIAN

Full-time position with a salary of £1,400-£1,865. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HAVERING

LIBRARIAN

Full-time position with a salary of £1,400-£1,865. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

COUNTY
SCHOOLS
LIBRARIAN

£1,540-£1,775

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with suitable experience for the post of County Schools Librarian. The Schools Librarian will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

LIVERPOOL CITY LIBRARIES
SENIOR ASSISTANT
(Art Specialist)
(£1,775-£1,990)

Applications should be from Chartered Librarians with suitable experience for the post of Senior Assistant (Art Specialist). The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

LIBRARIAN

Full-time position with a salary of £1,400-£1,865. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Full-time position with a salary of £1,400-£1,865. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

THE POLYTECHNIC WOLVERHAMPTON

JUNIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Full-time position with a salary of £1,400-£1,865. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY

LIBRARIAN

Full-time position with a salary of £1,400-£1,865. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

LONDON BOROUGH OF BRENT

LIBRARIAN

Full-time position with a salary of £1,400-£1,865. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

LONDON BOROUGH OF ENFIELD

LIBRARIAN

Full-time position with a salary of £1,400-£1,865. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

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University of Amsterdam

At the Department of Philosophy of the University of Amsterdam on 1st September 1970 a vacancy will arise for a

full professorship

Candidates should primarily be interested in logic, its history and the logical foundations of science.

At the disposal of this professorship is the Institute for Foundational Research and the Philosophy of Science.

Applications and advices concerning possible candidates are requested to be sent to the chairman of the committee of appointment, Prof. Mr. Dr. J. A. Oosterbaan, c/o Instituut voor Grondslagenonderzoek, Hoetersstraat 15, Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO

Dunedin, New Zealand

LECTURER OR

SENIOR LECTURER

IN ENGLISH

Applications are invited for this position. Salaries: Lecturer, Under review. Senior Lecturer, Under review.

Lecturer: NZ\$2,100-£2,300 p.a. Senior Lecturer: NZ\$2,300-£2,500 p.a.

A particularly well qualified candidate could be appointed at the rank of Associate Professor at NZ\$2,500-£2,700 p.a.

Further particulars are available from the Secretary to the University, University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand.

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Library
Assistant

Salary rising to £1,170 per annum depending on educational qualifications

The Library which is mainly concerned with the collection and maintenance of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing and distribution of books, and the provision of reference services. The post holder will also be responsible for the maintenance of the library building and grounds.

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VACANT APPOINTMENTS

INFORMATION
OFFICER

up to £2,000

A chance for a woman aged 25 to 35 to join a progressive education and training department

Reporting to the Training Director of a leading British international company (about 50,000 employees), she will provide a comprehensive information service initially to the small, specialised central training team and the training function. Key areas include the maintenance of information record systems, the Training Library, the abstraction and retrieval system and assisting in the matching of training needs to resources.

Candidates, who may be graduates, should have the ALA qualification with information service experience. Knowledge or experience of the training function would be valuable. Location: Home Counties: modern conditions of service. Ask MSL to send you, without obligation, specially prepared information about this appointment (ref: LS.61P). Every enquiry will be treated as confidential. Write or telephone at any time.

MSL

INFORMATION CENTRE

17 Stratton Street, London, W.1.

Telephone: 01-499 7131

Brocades
HaarlemResearch
The NetherlandsASSISTANT
INFORMATION OFFICER

A vacancy has arisen within our Library and Information Department for the position of Assistant Information Officer.

The successful applicant will join a busy department where modern techniques of information storage retrieval are used.

The duties will include:
Compiling indices to various document collections.
Scanning literature for current awareness.
Information retrieval.

Applicants should possess a degree or equivalent qualification in chemistry, pharmacy or biology.

Reading knowledge of German is necessary as well as a keen interest in modern information techniques.

An attractive salary will be offered, depending on qualifications and experience.

Brocades is a pharmaceutical firm with a Research department in Haarlem.

Haarlem is situated about 12 miles from Amsterdam and has ± 170,000 inhabitants.

Applications, giving full details, should be addressed to: Drs. P.J. Wuis, Research Laboratory Brocades, Parklaan 125 Haarlem, the Netherlands.

Information
Assistants

Electrical Research Association
The Electrical Research Association has a vacancy for a young graduate in its Information Section.

Applicants should be graduates with a degree in a relevant subject, preferably in a science or engineering discipline. They should have a good knowledge of the English language and be able to communicate effectively in writing. They should also have a good knowledge of the use of a word processing system.

The successful applicant will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the Information Section, including the collection, processing and distribution of information. They will also be responsible for the maintenance of the Information Section building and grounds.

Further particulars are available from the Secretary to the University, University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand.

